

A FATHER OF THE FIELDS. By Jean Rameau. Chapters I and II
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A FATHER OF THE FIELDS.*

BY JEAN RAMEAU.

I.

"Reap—bind! Reap—bind!"

So chanted the grasshoppers, who had the good taste to express themselves in Gascon! The peasants said that signified "Reap the wheat! Bind the sheaves!"

And while the insects kept up this interminable song in the noon-day blaze, the peasants sharpened their long scythes, and cut down with rustling swaths the beautiful yellow heads of wheat.

It was a hot noon in July. Even the grasshoppers complained desperately on the plains of Salignacq, and vibrated their wings, thin and hard as blades of crystal. The sky was at white heat. The sun—the royal sun of Gascony—seemed to melt in tenderness over the wide plains. In the hot sands the pines stood up rigidly, with their scarred trunks, like gigantic torches of resin ready to take fire.

Through this fiery furnace a man was riding, old Yan de Bignaon—Jean Duvignan, as he was called by persons who spoke French. He rode on a mule, a thin, bony mule, escorted by great

buzzing flies, whose stings pierced like sharp needles.

"Get up Briguet—go!"

And Briguet—that was the humble name of the animal—kept up his little trot, with suspicious eyes and swishing, restless tail. Yan, his master, with a branch in his hand, paternally drove away the murderous horse-flies from the tortured animal.

Yan was a peasant of sixty years of age, tall, strong and straight. By profession a laborer, in reality a millionaire. His cheeks were rosy with prominent cheek bones. His small eyes were very clear and very frank, his hair was scanty, his mouth large, his chin pointed. On his neck were two strong sinews, very noticeable, that seemed to draw the head, one to the right, the other to the left—two sinews that seemed as if they might almost burst through the skin, so strongly developed were they. On all the face was that fine, tawny tint the sun bestows on those that spend the most of their lives out of doors.

"Get up, Briguet—go on!"

The clothes Yan wore were simple and decent—trousers of drill, conveniently patched, and a sort of long blouse. On his head was a blue woolen *béret*, on his feet shoes of white

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cloth. Finally, he had a large gold ring in each ear.

He was very strong, and his prowess was quite celebrated in his time. He was known for ten miles around. The most ignorant peasant, the silliest child, knew that Yan carried his plough on his back when he returned from labor, and that it had happened more than once, when his horses were ill, that he had dragged the wagon of grain home alone.

For the rest, he had good health and a vigorous heart, a brain of medium force, with just enough weakness to make the man sympathetic. Even his faults were respectable—a quick, unreflecting temper, a superb love of routine, much appreciated in that region, and—it must be confessed—great avarice.

Yan owed his fortune to the soil, so he loved the country with a passionate love. In his sleep he dreamed of fat, green fields which in fancy he clasped in his long arms, but if he adored his commune of Salignacq or extended his love to the canton, the department, he execrated all the rest of the globe. He despised distant regions. Paris especially was the constant object of his anathemas—Paris, which spoiled the sons of the rich peasants with its follies! Paris, which corrupted the field laborers with its newspapers! Paris, which caused the rise in salaries, the idleness of employés, and the rapacity of preceptors! Paris, which caused every crisis, commercial or agricultural! Devilish Paris! For him, his mission here below was to protect Gascony from Paris. He thought of it very seriously. He allowed no occasion to escape of denouncing the great city. All the new fashions were rigorously excluded from Salignacq, for he owned most of the commune. He would not allow his farmers to speak in French. He preferred to take ignorant workmen, foolish and incompe-

tent servants. Finally, to set an example, he dressed like a ragpicker—he, a millionaire!

"Get up, Briguet—go on!"

On this day he was returning from Chalosse, where he had gone to count the sheaves of wheat due from his farmers. Briguet accelerated his trot. He seemed to catch, across the fields, the fresh odor of the hay that awaited him in the stable, and he trotted on, his heavy shoes sinking in the hot sand.

It was just noon. In the distance a French horn called the peasants to their soup. The sun hurt the eyes. Briguet, covered with white foam, followed a crooked little path that led by a small stream from which the pitiless sun was drinking the last drops. Then all at once they came to the Lu, a muddy river, half gravel. Briguet brayed, and Yan, whose skin seemed parched, vulcanized, tough as parchment, gave a sigh of thankfulness.

Both man and beast had the comfort of seeing suddenly their dear home land. It was there, on the other side of the water. They could reach it in five minutes if it were not for this absurd river. And the only bridge was half a league off—a long journey. Yan cursed the municipal council of the commune in energetic terms every time he came from Chalosse. Ah, the robbers! And to think that his own son—yes, André Duvignan in person—belonged to this band!

Here Yan pulled his *béret* down over his eyes, and launched out the great oath for which each year the priest at confession gave him three penitentials to say on his rosary—"*Dion biban!*"

Well! every family has its skeleton—is it not so? He had André—ah! a *monsieur—parbleu!* A gentleman—who wore a silk hat—who expressed himself in French—who had been to Paris—and who had spent—*Dion biban!*

This day Yan had a fresh exaspera-

tion. On the banks of the Lu his son André was building a ridiculous chateau. He could see it there—that absurdity in stone—with scaffoldings about it, and incongruous balconies—oh, perfectly! It was there! Yan choked with frenzy. This building gave him nausea!

"Fifty thousand francs!" he confided to the placid Briguet, "fifty thousand francs for that tower of Babel!" And he pulled down the *béret* over his eyes so that they might not be wounded by the sight of this impudent structure.

In thought he saw the building where he had been born, and where he hoped to die—Bignaon—in such adorable bad taste, so inconvenient, yet so dear! It was a clump of houses leaning one against the other like a band of drunken men—all old, all weather-beaten, of odd construction, stone excrescences that seemed to have pushed themselves up there. The walls bulged; the crooked cross-beams looked like grimaces on the white façade; and a huge granary built in the middle made the whole place as damp as an aquarium—damp enough to make mushrooms sprout on the backs of the inhabitants! But *basta!* the father of Yan had lived there eighty-seven years, and his son bade fair to follow his example—please God!

"Certainly not," said Yan, gazing at his son's chateau, "I would not wish it the fate of the other tower of Babel. Still, if it chanced to fall—*eh, silence!*" And Yan compressed his lips virtuously and imposed on himself the penalty of counting the beads on his rosary three times.

The sun grew more fervent. Its beams were hot on his shoulders. Yan broiled on his sweating mule. He had a great longing to drink from the Lu that ran so near. He closed his eyes.

But he opened them suddenly.

A strange, heavy crash struck his ear—a stunning sound as if all Gas-

cony had crumbled and fallen to the earth.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* Briguet!" cried Yan. And Briguet, frightened also, reared on his hind feet.

"But what is it, what's happened?" cried Yan.

He could see nothing. No, the sky had not fallen!

But then, having cast his eye toward the chateau of his son, the peasant grew pale. It was there!

His hands trembled.

It was there! A catastrophe had occurred. A scaffold had fallen—and there were cries!

Stop! Did he hear cries?

Anxiously Yan called out, "What is it? Hey, down there! What's happened?"

No one answered. He could see the workmen running about, throwing up their arms and uttering cries.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" said the old peasant. He felt a great oppression in his breast and his heart seemed bounding between his ribs, "Ah!" he cried, "it's André. Oh, cursed that I am—cursed, cursed!"

He did not hesitate. It was still a long way to the bridge. He urged the mule to the water. "Yes, you must swim, Briguet, you must swim! We will be there in two minutes—get up!"

Briguet refused. Yan whipped him with all his might.

"There, Briguet, go on! There's not much water—only three feet deep—quick—go on—go on!"

Briguet went. He launched himself into the yellow stream, and shivered when the cold water reached his stomach. He advanced, holding his head high, courageously ploughing on. Two, three, four feet of water! Yes, there was four feet of water, and Yan trembled as he felt himself soaked to the waist. "Accursed!" he muttered again. And he looked around with haggard eyes as if to discover the evil spirit,

the malicious demon, who had caught his thought before it was half formed, and realized it instantly.

He reached the shore.

He jumped to the ground and ran to the new house.

"André—where is André?"

Suddenly he saw his son André, lying under a pile of broken boards and posts—André, covered with blood. The poor fellow had climbed on to the scaffolding to see the view. Something had given way.

The old man, who adored his son, uttered a terrible cry.

"Oh, do not die! Only do not die!" he cried, and he began furiously to help the workmen lift the boards, the broken lumber, to release his son.

"Papa!" gasped the young man, when his father had taken his mangled body in his arms, "Papa, forgive me and take care of my child."

Yan sent hurriedly for the doctor, but when he arrived there was nothing for him to do. André was dead.

The old peasant wept the whole night. From time to time he shook his fist at the chateau—that enemy in stone that had killed his son. And then he would mutter: "You shall pay for this, you! Oh, you shall pay for this!"

Two days after, when André had been laid in his grave, Yan took a pail of petroleum into the unfinished building. He poured the liquid over the walls and placed pine knots at the angles. Then he set fire to it all furiously. The blaze mounted, licked the ceiling, ran along the beams, and sent out yellow tongues of flame from the windows.

"It burns, it burns! The tower of Babel!" cried Yan, exultingly.

He ran to his own home, and took from the cradle a little child. He carried him tenderly in his arms to let him look at the burning chateau. He wished the child to see the fiery revenge he had taken on the accursed

house where André had met his death.

"It killed thy papa," said Yan to the child. "Look, I have killed it!"

The child was frightened without comprehending. Now and then he hid his face against his grandfather's breast.

When only the walls of the chateau were left standing, bare and black, old Yan embraced his little grandson and kissed him, with his eyes still red with weeping. "Ah," he cried, "I swear by the memory of thy father that thou, little one, shalt remain a peasant like thine ancestors!"

II.

It is a beautiful Sunday in March. The sun deigns to shine, and the branches of the trees, under its warm caresses, open their tiny buds, somewhat prematurely.

It is eighteen years since the great, hearty, happy Yan lost his son André. Now in the kitchen of Bignaon, in a great chair covered with straw, sits an old man, shrivelled, shrunken and bowed, stretching out two thin, trembling hands toward the fire. This is Yan, the former giant, who could carry the plough home on his shoulders. When the two trembling hands are warm enough the old man picks up a distaff of reeds loaded with flax, fastens it to his belt like a woman, takes the long wooden spindle and spins, spins silently, watching the fire meanwhile, where the branches turn rosy in the flame and drop in red embers on the hearth.

So Yan spins, spins the thread, and so he has spun for ten years. He has no longer the use of his lower limbs, and he moves only on crutches. The cause? He knows it well, the obstinate Gascon, and a ferocious hate boils up in him against this accursed cause, which is—naturally—Paris!

For if there had been no Paris, André

could not have gone there. If he had not gone there he would never have dreamed of building that accursed house. If he had not built that, he would not have been killed. If he had not been killed Yan would not have plunged in the water that day when he was so overheated, and, consequently, as the physician himself had said, he would not have been seized by that atrocious rheumatism, that had nailed him to this chair for fifteen years. That infernal Paris!

At first he had fought down his rebellious limbs. He had treated them like a master, and forced them to walk, to work. He even jolted them about, but the beggars wrung cries of anguish from him. At last one day, overcome, vanquished, he had given up the struggle. He had fallen into this chair, drawn a sheepskin over his knees and patiently taken up the most difficult task—doing nothing.

Then, as his legs became more and more heavy, a nervous strength came into his arms. He grew feverish with unrest, and felt obliged to do something with his hands. He made baskets of all kinds, loads of baskets which he sent for sale to the market at Dux. At last his hands, too, became affected, and he took up the distaff, and for ten years he had sat there by the hearth-stone spinning, spinning interminable threads from which all the bed linen, all the napkins, all the wardrobes of the house were furnished.

He had one small revenge on Paris. How?

He did not confide his little grandson to its care. Ah, the child was very sensible, very gentle, truly Gascon! He had made sure of that.

This child was everything in life to the poor old man. He saw nothing but him, he cared to hear nothing but him. Yan was in a perpetual bad humor with the whole world except his be-

loved Emile, whose growth he had watched with the adoring eyes of a mother. Poor old Yan! He sometimes wept with joy, and said innumerable prayers of thanks to God for having given him such a precious grandson.

Emile also loved his grandfather. From the first he had called him "Papa," and that alone was worth Paradise! He called him "Papa," and made life very sweet to him, and consoled him for wife and children and the friends he had lost in the course of a long existence. Emile was all that was left of his flesh and blood. All the rest had returned to their mother earth. The tenderness of the old man was infinite.

It was Yan who had taught Emile to talk. At three years, when his father died, the innocent little creature had prattled in French. But his grandfather soon made him forget that language of savages, and in six months little Emile spoke Gascon deliciously.

"Take care," Yan would say to him, rolling his eyes, "if you are not good Paris will eat you!" Paris was the wolf, for little Emile.

He kept that fear of it a long time.

Yan was at first his only preceptor. He taught him first everything he knew himself—then everything which he did not know, but which he found in books, in French books, alas! This knowledge he deposited in the brain of his grandson without keeping the least particle of it himself—the defective memory of an old man rendering him this service. Later, when Emile was ten, Yan sent him to the college at Dux for some time. He knew he had a cool million to leave to his heir, and the young man must make as good an appearance as any other in the eyes of the young girls of Bignaon.

So, on this morning of March, eighteen years after the death of André, Yan spun silently in the chimney cor-

ner, though it was something of a sin to be working on Sunday. He was feeling happy with the warm sheepskin over his knees, and his eyes gladdened by the sunshine.

All at once he heard in the next room a great rustling of leaves, as if a tree were walking in. Yan understood, and turned his head quickly towards the door.

"Ha, ha!" seeing a young man enter, who carried on his shoulder an immense branch of laurel, "you have chosen well, Emile." And he laid down his distaff.

Emile was a handsome young fellow of twenty-one. His skin was fair as a girl's, and as yet there was only a slight down on his cheeks.

He gave the great branch of laurel to his grandfather and sat down by him. He wore a blue *béret*, black *sabots* and a brown vest. He was slender and delicate. His eyes were of a luminous brown.

Old Yan, who always felt as if the sun was on his back when his grandson was near, took the laurel from him and examined it with care. This branch was soon to be carried to the church, for the day was Palm Sunday. It would be sprinkled with holy water by the *curé*, so that each leaf of the blessed branch, if thrown in the fire, would keep away damaging hallstorms in summer or banish the melancholy hoot of the owl in winter.

Yan opened a knife which he took from his pocket, and began to carve the great branch, drawing his head back from time to time to see the effect of his work.

Emile watched him attentively a few moments. But presently he rose and began to walk nervously about the kitchen. "Papa—do you know—that the deputy has arrived?" he said suddenly.

Yan smiled sadly. A deputy! To concern himself with a deputy—a

monsieur from Paris! He feigned not to hear.

Emile divined the thoughts of the old man and he blushed slightly, for, in spite of his efforts, he had not learned at college how to keep from blushing.

Yan carved away at the branch, artistically, his eyes sparkling. "See'st thou, Emile," he said, while he worked, "a branch of laurel that one goes to offer for the blessing of God ought to be as fine as a bride at the altar. Ah, we have lost in this country the art of ornamenting the branches! There are only certain old graybeards, here and there, that know how to carve these branches like sceptres. I, myself, in old times, when my hands were not stiff with work, used to prepare the laurels for all my neighbors. Yes, my boy! And I swear to you the branches that left my hands would have made a good figure by the side of the gilded cross of the bishop of Aire. Pooh! to-day they take branches of laurel to the church like fagots of wood for an oven. One would think—Saint Yan pardon me—that it was to do the cooking for the good God. Ah, infernal Pa—"

But Yan interrupted his anathema. The guilt of Paris did not rightly come in there. Besides, Emile was not listening. The grandfather regarded him with a terrible look.

"Well," he grumbled, "after all—this deputy! What's extraordinary about him?"

"But, Papa—"

"Go on. Do you think I don't know what is passing under your *béret*? A deputy! A *monsieur* that one sends to Paris, because he's a nuisance in his province! Isn't that something phenomenal—a deputy!"

Yan stopped. Then in a voice as sharp as a drill he cried: "Perhaps you are dreaming by chance of being his son-in-law?"

"Me—oh—"

"Yes, yes, I know! He has a daughter. Eighteen years old, it appears. She is very pretty, with a peach-blossom skin. She is like whipped cream. One has only to touch her—thy daughter of a deputy—and pouff! there is nothing—evaporated!"

"Papa—but I—"

"She isn't alive, I tell you—always pale and sick—you can see the daylight through her—"

"But I have never thought—"

"Oh, all right! I know his coming stirs up a great excitement from the Lu to the Gave. A beautiful subject of conversation—Monsieur Brion, our deputy, a Parisian, who has possessions in this country, and comes to spend his holidays here at his chateau of Taolade, because the doctors have advised it for his daughter. Oh, it's very exciting! And look what donkeys all the people of Salignacq make of themselves! One would think the moon had fallen on their heads—Huh! they're fine fellows! Do you want to know why he has come here? For his daughter, he says. Not true! He comes to lay plans for his re-election. Ah, I see it—but patience."

"But, Papa, you voted for him yourself."

"*Parbleu!* One must vote for somebody. Then it amuses me! But look at this laurel, my boy."

And Yan, who had been working nervously with his knife, showed Emile the head of an angel that he had carved on the branch. "Hey—it's possible, perhaps—but do you think they have prettier angels than that in Paradise?"

He went on with his work. He had stripped off the lower foliage, leaving an elegant aigrette like a crown. His poor hands seemed to vibrate with delight. Ah, for a long time he had not done such fascinating work. The round blossoms among the leaves seemed like

little perfumed heads that smiled at him.

With the point of his knife he ornamented the whole branch delicately with fantastic rings, crosses and beaks of birds. And when the branch was completely covered he took roses, violets, primroses, all sorts of garden flowers, and fastened them here and there among the laurel leaves. This made a great flowery pyramid, very odd and beautiful, exhaling a soft and delicious perfume, an incongruous blending that charmed the nostrils—and showing an array of color—rose, green, yellow, blue, lavender—that dazzled the eyes. As a finishing touch he suspended in the aigrette of the whole, —great artists have often such strange inspirations—a roll of bread, a great roll such as costs two sous!

"Huh!" exclaimed Yan, finishing his work, "that ought to be pleasing to the good God!"

Then he trembled with indignation. Emile had turned his back!

"Rascal!" he cried angrily. And his paralyzed limbs thrilled with shame. "That's the way you act about it—heathen!" he grumbled. "Oh yes, I see! The deputy! You are wondering if the deputy has arrived. For he will be sure to go to the mass in his carriage, with two horses!"

"But, Papa—I assure you that—"

"Silence—I too will go to the mass! And we'll see which of the two, the deputy or me, will have the most of a success."

And turning towards the door he called the man. "Poutoun, fasten the oxen to the green cart; wash their feet, wax their horns, and put on their heads the white sheep-skins." And to the servant woman he said: "Here, take the key of the *armoire* and bring me my blue blouse, my varnished *sabots* and the red belt my wife gave me. The red one, you understand. Now hurry!"

Then to Emile, as he raised himself on his high crutches: "Thy deputy—huh! Thy deputy—!"

And old Yan promptly plunged his

head in the basin of the well, as the preliminary to making his holiday toilet.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW REIGN AND THE NEW SOCIETY.

"Edward the VII, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, Sovereign Lord of Canada, Australla and South Africa." These, in special honor of the Colonies, are the prerogatives to be connoted in the title, chosen by the new monarch at his Coronation, fixed as that ceremony is for June 25, 1902. Already has been reached the first stage of that loyal expectancy, which, preceding the Victorian epoch, was known by the name of coronation fever.

"I always consider your Royal Highness and myself the two best after-dinner speakers of the day." So, during the 'eighties, said to the then Prince of Wales, Lord Houghton. The words characteristically illustrated the quality that, in the House of Commons, won for Monckton Milnes the sobriquet of the "cool of the evening." Only to its royal object could the remark, without obvious absurdity, have been addressed.

Than his father, Edward VII could have had no safer model or teacher, as to either the form or the substance of the miscellaneous utterances proper to a prince. From his mother, the successor of Queen Victoria inherited a clear voice, set off to the greatest advantage by excellent elocution. The nearest predecessors of the Queen were vain of their oratorical gifts; they never missed an opportunity of a speech over what they called their own mahogany. But the discourses of

William IV formed a series of bacchanalian indiscretions; those of George IV were chiefly inspired by the memory of his feats at Waterloo and on other imaginary battlefields. The Prince Consort always spoke to the point, and in a tone really never professorial, but, as is now universally acknowledged, of practical counsel or of shrewd and sympathetic statesmanship.

Edward VII has achieved excellence in a rhetorical field at once difficult and infinitely varied; by doing so he has raised the standard of occasional speaking throughout his realm. Before the King who came to the throne in 1830, had reigned as many days as there have passed months since the accession of that Sovereign's first follower of his own sex, the capital and the whole kingdom were laughing at the well-worn stories of his conversational infelicities and social vagaries.

These things did not prevent William IV being the head of society as really as had ever been his forerunner on the throne. Thackeray's lectures on the later Hanoverian kings, as little as Greville's caricatures, reflect the contemporary opinion of the masses. The lineage and person of George IV, the handsome presence, the fine or gracious manners of the first gentleman in Europe maintained him in his social position; they made his prestige proof against follies, blunders, crimes, to say nothing of the countless fictions, barely

based upon fact, that would have ruined, with all classes, a less lucky heir-apparent. The anecdotes universally current about the Regent and his life at the Brighton Pavilion were known to be substantially true. How Vulliamy, the chief local jeweller of the time, contrived to stop the Prince's carriage on the Old Steine, with a prayer for the payment of his bill; how the tradesman clenched his entreaty with the words, "If your Royal Highness will not give me my money, I shall be in your royal father's Bench to-morrow," these things are not the later inventions of ill-natured diarists. As semi-official paragraphs they went the round of the serious newspapers, on whose files they may be found. No statement of the sort seriously injured George IV as a modish sovereign.

During the life of that King had begun the increase of middle-class prosperity, which, in the next reign, applied the democratic pressure that produced the Whig Reform Act. The expansion of the national fortunes did not pause till the population of the United Kingdom had risen from 18 to 24 millions. At the same time the national expenditure fell from 100 to 52 millions; if allowance be made for the general fall in prices, the increase in the national wealth may be computed as not less than 80 per cent. Here, then, were presented all the conditions favorable to the social control of the Crown; a new and opulent class, ready to assimilate the taste and temper of the older orders, had risen to power. That class, however, possessed no principle or traditions of social self-government. The mass of candidates waiting for admission into the fashionable world, not less than those who had already entered, looked to the Crown as the one arbiter and organizer of polite life.

In politics George III for a time had been an absolute monarch; afterwards, the favor he extended to the younger

Pitt, brought to that statesman victory over the Whigs and the Coalition. The son of Chatham, as patriot king without a crown, exercised a supremacy more real and enduring than ever belonged to his royal master. The political ambitions of George IV may at one time have been as high as those of his father; gradually he accepted a social, instead of a political, sovereignty; his viceroys became not statesmen like Pitt, but dandies, such as Brummell, and tailors like Davidson and Weston—the two chief artists in clothes who adorned the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth; the short-waisted garments, the stockingette pantaloons that preceded the frock-coat, were decreed by the son and successor of George III, after many conferences with the experts who were his oracles. In 1830 William IV set the fashion of black trousers, tightly strapped under the feet.

King Edward VII may have legislated for the costume of his subjects less conspicuously than his predecessors. In matters more closely touching their daily comfort and health he has influenced for good the social practice of the middle and upper classes; the curtailment of dinners by the omission of preliminary kickshaws, by the early attack on the chief dish, by the disuse of long and heavy desserts—now practically superseded by black coffee and light tobacco—has relieved purses and saved digestions from ruin.

In more serious matters than those just mentioned, our present King has shown his perception of the popular necessities of the hour. Nearly the latest act of the Prince Consort was to suggest conciliatory changes in the Government despatches to Washington during the *Trent* crisis of 1861. The Prince Consort's son had not outgrown his youth when he taught travellers of *ton* to include America in the grand tour; the Prince paid his tribute at the

grave of George Washington, and brought back with him to England feelings which caused this graceful action to operate as the social cement between the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race.

In social matters King Edward VII, after the fashion now indicated, has accepted a situation created by forces before his time and beyond his control. Plutocracy, Semitic or American, with the modish smartness that is its product—the former Prince of Wales has dealt with these much in the same way as they were manipulated by Disraeli, in the interests of the new conservatism—itself Lord Beaconsfield's creation. With a tact and foresight not possessed by any earlier member of his house, the Prince of Wales whom our time has known has converted all these new agencies into the outworks and allies of time-honored institutions; he has, in fact, made them the guarantees and defences of Crown and even of altar.

The Ballymore family had been favorites with all the Hanoverian kings; the head of the Ballymores thought it necessary to consult his sovereign before shortening the tails of his frock-coat, and replacing the brass buttons with frogged button-holes, as well as before substituting the black stock or cravat for the frilled shirt fronts of the period. Feminine costume was equally subject to court regulation; the fourth George first reduced the circumference of hoops; finally he abolished them altogether. The habit of dressing the hair high with a coronet of tortoiseshell comb, and with curls on both sides of the head, from being gently encouraged, became officially enforced under William IV.

Such were the matters that, during the intervals between their quarrels with Whig ministers, engaged the attention of the nearest male predecessors of Edward VII. George IV had

already acclimatized the French cuisine among his subjects. Wattier's Club, managed as well as cooked for by a chef, whom royalty approved, had been followed by Grillion's; this latter institution was chiefly promoted by the late Sir Thomas Ackland's grandfather; its original object was to soften the acerbities of political life, and to provide a place in which prominent men on opposite sides could meet amicably during their social hours; that function Grillion's has continuously discharged to the present day. Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, are among the most famous of mutually hostile controversialists at St. Stephen's, who took a peaceful place at the weekly dinners of this club during the session.

The organization of modish existence under these forerunners of the present King was more than exclusive; it was monarchical. Royalty or its accredited representatives went everywhere; such haunts as the Crown did not patronize were shunned by all pretenders to *ton*. The popular reaction drew near; the very stones rang with sounds heralding or demanding a broader basis for the social fabric. The brougham and the family landau came in just as William IV was going out; both conveyances were at first held to have something revolutionary about them. Hitherto men of quality had never been seen abroad in any vehicles, save the curricles, which involved the attendance of two servants. Then followed hackneys and cabriolets plying for hire; afterwards Shillibeer's 'buses, drawn by three horses, with twenty insides, carried passengers any distance for sixpence. The metropolitan suburbs were already becoming popular—even fashionable; on all sides were signs of an ugly rush, as Selwyn and Walpole had both predicted. The middle classes were invading society; the

earliest clubs, those like White's, developed from a coffee-house germ, were practically inaccessible to all not belonging to the great families. The peace of 1815 had filled the capital with half-pay officers returned from the wars; the United Service in Pall Mall is the monument of the earliest transition from the narrow and prohibitive club system of the eighteenth century to the universal and economical dispensation of the twentieth; Almack's, and, on the subscription nights, the Opera were still barred against persons unfurnished with the voucher of a lady patroness. Gradually, in the case of the King Street Rooms, the restrictions were relaxed; the loss of prestige followed. Then came a movement that progressively continued, till in 1863, the committee of Almack's was dissolved, and the epoch of Willis's Rooms began.

That event coincided with the establishment of the then heir-apparent beneath the roof, which, in 1817, had reverted to the Crown, which had sheltered Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold; afterwards the building had been rented by the future King of the Belgians for £3,000 a year; it next received Queen Adelaide, the widow of William IV; on her death it gave a home first to the School of Design in pre-South-Kensington days, afterwards to the Vernon Collection, and to the Turner paintings.

The new era of society may, indeed, be dated from the occupation of Marlborough House by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1863; of the social transformation, then opening, we have not yet probably seen the last, even now that a King is settled in St. James's Palace. A smart and cosmopolitan London, such as ours of to-day, only became possible when the second empire went down with the crash of Sedan. His popularity in Paris has not suffered from the fact, but more

than any other individual now living, King Edward VII has led the way in those changes, which have transferred the metropolis of the newest modes from the Seine to the Thames.

During the seventy years, that separate the accession of William IV and of Edward VII, what changes have taken place in the relations between the Crown and the Court on the one hand, and the life and interests of the people on the other. Upon the whole it will be found that precisely in proportion as the monarch has ceased to affect supremacy over the trivial doings and the ceremonial routine of the daily existence led by those about him, he has acquired in all social concerns, a power which no constitutional prophets could have foreseen, and which, exercised in the manner learnt by the new King, more than compensates the Crown for the final loss of these political prerogatives which Queen Victoria's grandfather, George III, made the last attempt to recover. It was an amiable feature in William IV not to have forgotten his old comrades in the navy; to all these the palace became, in 1830, a second home; the sailor King's habit, about which unkind things were said by Greville, of "giving a lift" in the royal chariot to the half-pay officers, met during the afternoon drive, may not always have been dignified; its kindliness and simplicity pleased the popular mind. Neither the impulsive King nor his worthy consort aimed at more than to fill their people with agreeable associations of the Crown. Each of the Georges had, in his way, liked music, and encouraged native composers. Before William IV appeared, signs were not wanting of a national reaction against the coarseness of manners and the sluggishness of mind, which, encouraged by George I and George II, roused against the early Hanoverians the satire of Fielding, and provoked in

the country at large so strong a feeling against Parliamentary sovereigns "made in Germany," that a Stuart restoration often seemed not quite an impossibility.

Few, faint and precarious, under the kings who immediately preceded Victoria, were the hints of a national disposition to awake to intellectual interests of any kind. The albums and keepsakes; the outburst of literary taste and occupation among the merely pleasure-loving classes, between 1830 and 1837, by the light of later experience, are seen to have been of historical significance. These periodicals were generally conducted by ladies of quality. Among much rubbish, they sometimes contained clever writings by distinguished contributors. A short story, whose chief personage is named Lothair, was written in *Lady Blessington's Annual* for 1835-6, by Benjamin Disraeli. That the then known author of "*Vivian Grey*" should have thought it worth his while to prefigure the hero of his later novel in a miscellany of this kind, justifies the description of these fashionable collections as the precursors of the magazines and reviews of a later day. The stage had not, under the Georges, acquired the vogue, or the influence, which Macready and Charles Kean were to secure for it. Before Bulwer wrote for the theatre, another man of fashion, Lord Francis Gower, by his industry, if not by his merits as a playwright, had helped the theatre to become fashionable. The most important factor in the intellectual movement at the time was that of physical science. The present King as a child received the instruction of Faraday, whose lectures at the Royal Institution educated the popular mind up to, and prepared the way for, the British Association in 1831; the success of that movement did not seem quite secured until the Prince Consort became its president.

Meanwhile, long before the Princess Victoria had become her uncle's undoubted heir, the hospitalities of Holland, of Lansdowne House and, on the Conservative side, of Lord Stanhope, or of Lady Jersey, were leavening the polite world with those higher and deeper interests, a developed concern for which seems chief among social features of our epoch.

Of all the Georges the third alone can be said to have shown or to have felt an anxiety for the higher welfare of his subjects. Politically intolerant, this king in religious matters could prove himself honestly liberal; the earliest of educational reformers, he declared for the system of instruction devised by the Nonconformist Joseph Lancaster, in preference to that favored by the whole Church party of Andrew Bell. These, however, are the exceptions which prove the rule; it is the undoubted fact that, upon the accession of William IV, in 1830, could be cited no precedent, in the conduct of the late Hanoverians, likely to stimulate in the new king any thought for the well-being of his subjects, save, indeed, the few who were privileged to eat at the royal table. The note struck in the earliest official utterance of Edward VII did not ring strange to twentieth century ears; the reference to the better housing of the poor was to be expected from one who had been an active member of the 1883 Commission; it was also a filial tribute to a specific work of his father, as well as to the general spirit animating his mother's reign.

The completeness of the contrast, presented by facts, between the circumstances surrounding the accession of the two most recent English kings, whether in matters of more or less serious importance, so far as any individual can be connected with it, is to-day admittedly due to both parents alike of the new sovereign. Sir Theo-

dore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" contains nothing more graphic than the account of the wastefulness, and other kindred abuses, encountered by the husband of the Queen when he first took in hand the work of palace reform; there existed no check on the sums disbursed for household repairs, or on the vagaries of the men employed to execute them; window cleaning or painting had been in progress the previous day at Windsor; the housemaid, dusting the Queen's sitting-room in the morning, chanced to look under the sofa; she saw a boy who had spent the night there, with a capacious bag full of provisions and of small silver and copper change for his pillow. Even the diarist, Greville, a keen man of business, though for antiquity's sake not fanatically hostile to the money squandered under the old régime, declared that, after having compared notes with experts at foreign Courts, in 1837, he found the household extravagance maintained under the Georges, and under William, to exceed anything that historic record or present experience could show in the domestic disbursements of royalty abroad. Not till the Victorian Age began did there quite disappear from the various dwellings of the Crown an entire tribe of hangers-on, who contrived to live gratuitously at Buckingham Palace or at Windsor. Of the freebooting *habitues* of these buildings, not one will be found on the Coronation day of the seventh Edward; the persons privileged to lunch or dine within the palace precinct have long been steadily dwindling. The late reign was not a week old when each traditional possessor of such a right could invite no guest to any meal without first writing down all particulars in a book. The existing Parliamentary anarchy was thought by the late J. A. Froude to portend a revival of the Crown's political power. Already the monarchy

of Edward VII has gained a social influence deeper and more beneficent than the State influence of other days.

George III, in his purpose of snubbing the Whig aristocracy, seemed unduly to favor the plutocratic, or the middle-class element that had already begun to make itself felt. As Prince of Wales, King Edward VII fused all the well-to-do classes into a single interest. The whole matter may be fitly summed up by the remark that William IV found his subjects sharply divided into the two Englands, described by Disraeli in "Sibyl," that his latest successor begins to reign over a people more united among themselves than at any earlier date in their history was known. Classes are still separated from each other; the interests of labor and capital, of rich and poor, are not uniformly identical. The philanthropic and the humanizing agencies of the time have caused the inevitable distinctions of an artificial civilization to be less painfully felt as every year passes. In all that work the example, bequeathed to King Edward VII by his parents, has long been systematically followed. Of association, which may seem in any degree controversial, only one word need be said here. Mr. Gladstone's political disappearance was followed by an attempt to replace the Liberalism, whose expounder he had been, by a vague imperialism which should supersede party distinctions. The effort may have been wise or unwise in itself; eventually it may or may not succeed; it has temporarily involved consequences, almost amounting to a social as well as a political disruption. The conciliatory influence of the Crown in the Anglo-American difficulty of forty years ago has been already mentioned; three years later, in 1864, the Schleswig, Holstein complication and the jealousy between Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell seemed likely to provoke

war between England and Germany on behalf of Denmark; the Queen herself then struck out from the royal utterance, opening the session, words that seemed to her calculated to bring the world within a measurable distance of that contingency. As regards the composition of speeches from the throne, Edward VII has already shown his disinclination merely to echo the Ministerial voice. In the way described above he has already harmonized many social antagonisms. Whether he will perform the not less salutary

duty of constitutional sovereign by unostentatiously modifying some of the more pronounced and, possibly, perilous enthusiasms of the hour suggests considerations too various and far-reaching for speculation here. The one thing not admitting of contradiction is that the kingship, of which Edward VII may justly claim to be the symbol, thanks to his parent's work, is of a kind higher, more useful and more unifying than was ever known before.

T. H. S. Escott.

The Fortnightly Review.

A WINTER'S WALK IN CANADA.

Canada has of late been bulking large in the public eye. She it was who first proved confederation feasible; she it was who gave practical shape to the idea of Imperial unity by the institution of a preferential tariff; she linked East with West by her Pacific Railway; and it is she who took the initiative in Imperial penny postage. From the position of a humble colonial dependency she has risen to the rank, if not of a political and fiscal exemplar, at all events of a political and fiscal experimenter. The contrast is notable.

I took the other day a long winter's walk in this country of contrasts. For this, of a truth, Canada is. Her climate, her scenery, her sentiments, her people, her politics, all exhibit extremes the most extraordinary. A winter of Arctic severity is followed by a tropical summer. Within sight of luxuriant pastures glide stupendous glaciers. Flattest prairies spread to the feet of mountain ranges, the rivals of the Alps; prim fields, orchards and vineyards encroach upon primeval forests.

Along with the hardy apple and the far-famed No. One Manitoba wheat, this land produces strawberries, peaches, grapes and melons. Constitutionally content with British connection, her people are intimately influenced by ideas and manners American. Indeed her people are as heterogeneous as herself. The Maritime Provinces of the extreme East hardly call themselves Canadian; Quebec is French; Ontario is Canadian to the core, so is Manitoba; in the Northwest Territories are settlers from almost every nationality in Europe; British Columbia, in the extreme West, again, fights shy of the cognomen Canadian. Newfoundland holds aloof altogether. A rude and toilsome social life goes hand in hand with patches of refinement and culture unmistakable. Canadian cheese took the prize at Chicago; Canadian poetry has been crowned by the Academy. Lauding democratic institutions to the skies, radical to the last degree, Canada nevertheless contains within herself castes and cliques in their horror of such

principles almost rabid. With a political system the counterpart of the British, her politics are rife with personalities, election protests, corruption trials.

But to descend from the universal to the particular, I can perhaps most vividly paint a little picture of the conditions of Canadian life and thought by describing with absolute truthful detail a winter's walk there, together with the ruminations to which it naturally gave rise.

My point of departure was a little Ontarian country town of some ten thousand inhabitants—we will call it Dummer. Dummer was entitled to take rank as a "city," a population of ten thousand forming the technical line of demarcation between a city and a town; but for some intricate municipal reason or other—probably one of taxation—it had not been incorporated, incorporation requiring a vote of the Town Council. Dummer stood in a slightly higher latitude than the parallels which run through the belt of country skirting the northern shore of the Great Lakes, along which are dotted most of the centres of population; and accordingly it was exposed to a slightly severer wintry climate. At the time of my visit it was enveloped in snow. Snow lay deep over the whole land, thick on every roof, over the edges of which it protruded itself in irregular curves—solid cataracts suspended in air, and vainly endeavoring to complete their descent by long six-foot icicles. Snow-white was every road, save for the two dirty grooves beaten down by the hoofs of horses. Snow covered the country, far as the eye could reach, glistening like glaciers on the hill-sides, deep purple and blue in the patches shaded by the pines; only the woods showing black against the dazzling white, the perpendicular walls of the wooden farm buildings, the solitary trees and

shrubs, and the straggling snake fences—long, unshapen logs of split timber, their ends placed zigzag the one over the other, to keep the structure erect—relieved the white monotony. And yet this belt of country is almost in the same latitude with the South of France, with the Riviera, whence but a few days before I had received in a letter a violet! To think that Pau and Nice and Cannes and Monaco and Genoa and San Remo and Florence were parallel with me and yet imbedded in flowers at that moment! Canada can hardly object to Mr. Kipling's pretty and by no means fanciful epithet, "Our Lady of the Snows." The city of Montreal spent, a couple of winters ago, in clearing away the snow from her streets, 116,915 dollars and 20 cents—roughly 23,000*l*. So much for snow; as for cold, they say fifty degrees of frost are not in Dummer uncommon.

But if any one thinks cold and snow here kill life they are mistaken. Octogenarians I know well, hale and hearty old gentlemen, with florid cheeks and buoyant step, who, when the mercury does its best to disappear into the bulb, call the weather "bracing," feel "young again," and blow with healthy joyance steaming breath through moustaches dripping icicles like the eaves. No; a "back country" Canadian town in winter is, in its own phrase, "up and jumping."

What does it do with itself? I will tell you. The roads are alive with sleighs. Without this same slippery snow, to drag into this distributing centre wagon-load after wagon-load of hay and wood, and grain, and pork, and eggs, and butter, and cheese, and drag out again to the farms from which this produce comes tea, flour, sugar, clothes, oil, furniture, bricks, would be arduous labor indeed. So both farmers and shopkeepers hail the snow. Without it produce would not

be exchangeable for wares, money would not circulate—at least, not to the extent that it then does. To the town itself, too, the winter seems to give a fillip. Winter is Canada's "season." In summer everybody goes away; the old and well-to-do to England, to "fashionable resorts" in the United States or on the St. Lawrence, or by the shores of the inland lakes; the young and so-to-do go "camping;" the poor, by vesper-tinal boat or electric-car excursions, to neighboring parks, islands and pleasure grounds. In July and August the cities are as deserted as London. Winter is the season of the little Canadian town; and in no mean imitation of its big sister cities it revels in at-homes, afternoon teas, balls, dances, dinner parties, promenade concerts, amateur theatricals, and all the wonted frivolities and amenities of the day. It has its sleighing clubs, its tobogganing clubs, its skating clubs, its snowshoeing clubs. It boasts an opera house, where are to be seen, usually for "one-night stands," on their way to larger cities, some of the best actors in the land. It boasts a literary society under whose auspices, come, from this metropolis or the other, University professors, imported Oxford Fellows many of them, who lecture on such subjects as, let us say, "Periclean Politics," or the "Function of Fiction," or "Greek Gynæceiæ." Dummer, despite her seclusion, neglects not the intellectual life. But to come to more practical details. Here are to be found electric tramcars, electric lights, arc or incandescent, which you prefer; waterworks, long- and short-distance telephones, one or two hospitals, three or four parks, one containing a race-course, another a bicycle track, a public library, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, picturesque English churches, gorgeous Roman Catholic churches, modernized Presbyterian and Methodist churches, lighted

and upholstered like theatres, with flaring, blaring organs and horseshoe-shaped seats—in short, all the paraphernalia of modern municipal civilization. Dummer is now whistling "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," and "All Coons Look Alike to Me," as New York is—or a few months since was—whistling those airs. Her hotel menus are in French—or partly in French; "Consommé au Bean" and "New England Dinner à la Maryland" (never mind the accents) were once among my dishes. Yes; Dummer is a metropolis in miniature.

Whence comes the wealth to support this forwardness? you ask. (I must request the compositor to be particularly careful not to transpose the *r* and the *o* in the first syllable of the second substantive of that sentence.) Well, there is the agricultural and dairy produce already mentioned. The chances are many to one that the oatmeal porridge and the rasher of bacon you enjoyed to-day at breakfast, and the flour out of which was made the bread for your toast, came from Dummer; so, perhaps, did the barley for your glass of ale at luncheon, and the cheese which you tasted at dinner: Canadian "Stilton" and Canadian "Imperial" are by no means to be despised; and your servants may have long been regaling themselves on Canadian beef, and apples and butter—you in return for all these commodities, sending to Dummer money, for which, I hope, you receive regular interest. Not a little Scotch and English capital drives ploughs and feeds cattle and develops mines in Canada. Would that more did so! There is room for large investments here with ample security. There have been losses, that I know. Scotch and English creditors have been bitten in Dummer ere this. But if Scotch and English capitalists would send to Dummer trustworthy resident agents, working in partnership with na-

tive Canadians who know the needs of the country; or better still, would establish in this colony branch offices, so that there may be close and responsible links between the company which lends and the mortgagors who borrow, I cannot but think it would redound to the advantage of both. Canada wants money; Canada can give security. England can give money; England wants security. The equation seems simple. It only wants honest and competent mathematicians to solve. Alas! honesty and competence seem scarcer than money and security.

But not agricultural and dairy produce alone are the sources of Dummerian wealth. Owing to the artificial stimulus given to manufactures by the so-called national policy inaugurated by the late Sir John Macdonald in 1878, factories of every kind and description sprang up through the length and breadth of the Dominion. And, added to this protective tariff, little country towns like Dummer have endeavored to attract to them, by means of what many regard as a pernicious system of bonusing, large and powerful companies employing numerous hands. Twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars, together with exemption from taxation for five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, have been the bait. As a consequence, one finds here huge electric machinery works, agricultural machinery works, mining machinery works, bridge works, lock works, to say nothing of "lumber" mills, saw mills, "grist" mills, woollen mills, pork-packing establishments, in addition to all the multifarious industries and factories turning out the thousand and one necessities of daily life—furniture, paper laths, "shingles," window-frames, beer, pianos, coffins, cigars, sweetmeats, boots, shoes, clothes, trunks—for machinery has invaded many things the day. Then

there is splendid water power, artificially improved by damming a bountiful river. Dummer, too, sits at the intersection of two or more great railways. She is in touch with financial centres. She possesses banks, and loan, insurance and other companies not a few. Her "Hinterland" is fertile and broad. Her credit is good. She numbers among her population men of worth and standing.

But enough and to spare of the economic conditions of country towns. It is to the glorious early morning walk that I took there that my memory chiefly clings.

For some reason one night sleep forsook me. After wooing her in vain, I rose at three and lighted an ungainly but highly satisfactory stove. It had a draught like a Bessemer furnace, drawing through an ugly stove-pipe, which ran bolt upright, turned sharp before it reached the ceiling, and disappeared in a hole in the wall—an apparatus quite the most conspicuous article of furniture in the room. On this I warmed a cup of tea, then donned all the warm clothing I could find, and in some forty minutes was afoot. What I ought to have worn was a blanket-coat and knickerbockers, moccasins, snow-shoes and a woollen tuque—this is the picturesque costume of the Quebec snow-shoer. But I had to content myself with golfing tweeds, boots and gaiters—a panoply, by the way which seems to excite the curiosity of the home-keeping youth of Dummer. It is not a little strange how in this English colony English customs provoke a stare. Among all but the educated and travelled classes in Canada an Englishman is a foreigner. His speech is matter of merriment, his apparel matter of comment; and not altogether of good-humored merriment or comment, it seemed to me, but smacking rather of scoff and scorn, a modified, or rather effed, form of the

proverbial desire to 'eave 'arf a brick. I am not, of course, I must repeat, speaking of the upper and Anglified classes of the larger towns, by whom, indeed, the newly arrived Englishman is often apt to be, by too much petting, spoiled. But certainly among the populace American habits, customs and manners prevail. Canadian slang is American slang. Popular nomenclature and phraseology are American. The college ground is a "campus," the local drill-hall is "the armories," vans are "expresses;" one never "makes haste," one "hurries up;" trains are never "punctual," they are "on time;" people "ride in rigs," not "drive in carriages." In the open spaces of cities are seen going on in summer games of "ball"—baseball, namely—a game which draws its thousands, where cricket barely draws its scores. Newsboys offer you papers priced a "nickel." Tobacco- and gum-chewing are rife—the latter, I am glad to say, does not require the vile expectorative accompaniment of the former—"glad," because it is indulged in by girls as well as boys. All this is, perhaps, natural. It is to be inferred that a great country, separated only by a cartographical line, will have more influence upon a little country, than will a great country separated from it by three thousand miles of sea. Between the two former international excursion trips are things of every summer's occurrence; they have trades-unions and associations innumerable in common; younger sons from the smaller land flock for employment to the larger; newspapers, books and magazines from the one cover the booksellers' counters in the other; the daily telegraphic despatches of both are fed by the self-same associated press.

Yet it is only fair to remark that there is a class in Canada yearly freeing itself more and more from American influence. Within the last quin-

quennium there has been quite perceptibly growing more distinct a line of demarcation between two sections of the people—a severance that looks as if it might some day eventuate in the formation of two great castes or classes. Already the sons of what may be called the gentry—the bankers, the lawyers, the wholesale merchants, the doctors, the parsons—look to England for their inspiration, follow English fashions, play English games, copy English manners, and attempt an English accent. Twenty years ago such line was not so visible. Twenty years hence it may be cause of curious and unforeseen social and even political changes. Already we have seen an increasing tendency to seek British markets. Already we have seen a preferential tariff in favor of Britain.

However, despite the American influences permeating the bulk of the Canadian populace, those influences only penetrate skin-deep. They may evince themselves in dress, manners and speech, in habits, customs and games; but at heart the sentiment of the people is thoroughly British. They glory in British connection; they shout over the "Old Flag;" they rejoice when Britain wins. They take sides with the mother-land in all her troubles, and when she is in distress they run, as we know, to her aid. This is a puzzle that travellers have noted before. But, after all, it is not so much of a puzzle. The race is British; but this race has been exposed to alien influences. Transplant a tree to another soil, and, though the foliage may vary, the sap remains the same. Besides, some of the stock has been twice transplanted. Many of the first settlers were Royalists expelled from the Southern Republic. "The first settlers in Upper Canada," says Mr. Adam Shortt, Professor of Political Science in Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

were Americans made up partly of United Empire Loyalists, themselves a very mixed element, and partly of miscellaneous immigrants from the neighboring States; some of them actuated by restless enterprise, others driven by a stern necessity, not always of happy memory. To most of these people the change brought little or no difference in surroundings or general method of life, though it meant for some a change of occupation. Naturally, therefore, the American immigrants brought with them, almost intact, the system of economic, political and social life to which they had grown accustomed in the neighboring British colonies, or young Republic.¹

Perhaps the writer hardly lays sufficient stress on the fact that the expulsive force that brought the bulk of the United Empire loyalists to Canada was loyalty to Great Britain, a loyalty their descendants still stoutly maintain and still loudly assert.

But, indeed, this fact of Canadian loyalty to the mother-land is one that needs now never for one moment to be called in question. If it is ever for one moment called in question, this is due to two reasons—the one past, the other permanent. First, because in bygone days, before the two nations, French and English, which severally inhabited Upper and Lower Canada, were joined together in the political harmony which now unites them, there certainly were occasionally heard discordant notes; second, because the propinquity of Canada's great and growing neighbor to the south is always so patent, so obtrusively patent a fact. Of the first nothing was heard after the suppression of the rebellion of 1837, a rebellion that was squelched by the first show of armed resistance, a resistance organized by the community itself, and one which never would have burst into flame but for those two patriots who,

like Samson's foxes, trailed between them under the name of "grievances" the torch of political discord—Messrs. William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Joseph Papineau. Grievances, all admit, there were; but not all admit that political conflagration was their only cure. This, at least, is the impression gained from the perusal of a Canadian historian's account of the matter.² The second reason, the propinquity of the United States, still exists, because it is a permanent supposition that that huge and bulky nation would have no objection to enrolling the Provinces of Canada (of area, be it remembered, larger even than her own) among her numerous States. But since the recent unmistakable development of the idea of Imperial unity within the British Empire, and since the outburst of national enthusiasm at the time of Her Majesty's Jubilee, since the sending of the contingents to South Africa, this latter factor also has dwindled into insignificance. The United States, if they have never shown themselves actually inimical to Canada, cannot be said ever to have shown themselves exactly exquisitely amicable; and their high tariff wall, their unwillingness to treat for reciprocity of trade, their attitude on the Fenian Raid question, on the Maine boundary question, on the seal fisheries question, their harsh alien labor laws, tend rather to repulsion than to attraction. Canada will never be coerced into annexation; and if at any time in the history of her career she might have been coaxed, that day is long past. To-day the Liberals outdo the Conservatives, not only in protestations, but in practical proofs of loyalty; and to-day that small and still more radical party, which aspires to recognition under the title of Patrons of Industry, publicly prints (or till quite recently printed) in the fore-

¹ "The Canadian Magazine," May, 1898.

² "The Canadian Rebellion of 1837." By D.

B. Read, Q.C. Toronto: G. Blackett Robinson, 1896.

front of its political propaganda "British Connection." The last faint whisper of anything like alienation was in the general election of 1891, when the issue was "Reciprocity" or Commercial Union with the United States; and then the Conservatives, by appealing to the Old Flag and proclaiming that Commercial Union must inevitably mean political union, were returned by a majority of one hundred and sixty-one to fifty-two. This, at least, is the contention of the winning side; a contention to which color is given by the fact that when in 1896 the losing side became the winning side, they out-Imperialized the Imperialists; and when in 1900 an appeal was made to the country both parties vied in the strength of their Imperialistic sentiments.³

However, to go back. As I have said, to the bulk of the untravelled and typically Canadian populace the Englishman is a foreigner. This dissimilarity of sentiment held with regard to the individual Englishman, and with regard to the nation to which he belongs, is worthy perhaps of analysis; the more so as its source has escaped the observation of the too hasty visitor. The fact is, the type of individual Englishman with which the youth of country towns like Dummer are chiefly familiar is the younger son sent out "to farm." And such younger son, not being as a rule the pick of the family either for brilliant intellect or vigorous industry, and being always reserved—reserved, that is, as compared with Dummerian freedom and adaptability—he is apt to be regarded with a curi-

ous commixture of pitiful contempt and jealous envy. With pitiful contempt, because, being a stranger within their gates, unaccustomed to their ways, possessing different modes of thought, speech and manner, he is apt to think and move cautiously if not slowly—a demeanor attributed by the quick-witted and versatile Canadians either to aristocratic apathy (which they abhor) or to downright stupidity (which they condemn) or to both. His reserve, too, is taken to be mere pig-headed haughtiness—with jealous envy, because it is patent, even to Dummerian intellects, that he has had advantages denied to them. Poor younger son! His father little comprehends the conditions under which he toils. In a dependency like India he works with compatriots—who understand him, and rules over natives—who fear him. In a colony like Canada, those he works with, and those he rules over, both are presumably his kith and kin, and they neither fear him nor understand him. Poor younger son! Often have I met him, a refined, cultured, University man often, lured across the Atlantic, after payment of a forty-pound premium, by one or other of the numerous agencies which promise that he shall be taught farming free and get 600 acres of land for a song. As a matter of fact, both asseverations are within the bounds of truth; but the free tuition means the work, the food, and the treatment of the commonest of common day-laborers; and what a solitary Oxford graduate, even after he has learned digging and manuring, could do with a square mile of land,

³ I am sustained, I see, in this view of the decided change in Canadian sentiment towards Imperialism by that shrewd observer Professor John Davidson, of the University of New Brunswick, whose "Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy" I have since been reading. "Few people at home or in the colonies," says Professor Davidson, "recognize the profound change which has come over colonial sentiment regarding the Empire. To-day, in Canada, we are all more

demonstratively loyal than the inhabitants of the mother-country. . . . Ten years since our ideas were very different. But the change has been so profound that, recent though it is, it is difficult to find any one to admit that there has been any change. We are inclined to think that we always were as enthusiastic Imperialists as we are to-day. Yet, as a matter of fact, there has been a profound change." (Op. cit. p. 102.)

the agencies do not teach. This is not the class of man that Canada wants. What Canada wants is the tenant-farmer with a family and a bank account; the first will help him to plough his land; the second will keep him till it is ploughed. The robust tenant-farmer will get on where the refined stripling will go to the wall—or the dogs. But to my walk.

When I started there was no moon, there were no stars; my sole light was the skyey reflection of the electric lamps, and only this for many miles enabled me to distinguish the grooves in which I had to walk from the high ridge of snow between them which I had to avoid. When I skirted the lee side of a high hill, or passed the distal edge of a thick wood, I floundered from one to other in the dark. The curious may wonder how the horse avoids this central ridge when only one is driven and not a pair. The explanation is that in all single-horse sleighs in America the shafts are placed to one side. The landscape, such of it as could be seen under a leaden-gray sky, was a vast monochrome, an expanse of dull white picked out with blotches and points and lines of black. Not a living thing was to be seen. Not a sound was to be heard. And, what particularly struck a lover of country walks, not the faintest suspicion of any kind of a scent was to be detected. Everything seemed to be dumb and dead; and the tiny flakes which fell in myriads, fell so silently, so pitilessly, had seemingly for their object the making of all things, if possible, still more dumb and dead. There is always something poetic about snow in England. There is something playful and jocular in the way in which lusty standard rose-trees, stout shrubs and sturdy hedges don aged winter's garb, as a laughing maid will half demurely wear her grand-dam's cap. In the Western Hemisphere, away from the

genial influences of the Gulf Stream, even in the same latitudes, winter is a more serious matter. The snow comes "to stay." There is little jocosity about it. It lies several feet thick. If it disappears during a temporary thaw, it comes again very soon. Here the trees do not sport with it. They put up with it. They stand knee-deep in it, leafless, motionless, scentless, soundless. If there is a wind it sweeps through them with a long thin swish, like the wail of a host of lost spirits seeking shelter. Not a branch falls—the autumn blasts brought down all that was frangible. Only frozen tears fall, fall from the ice-encrusted twigs. For miles on either side of me stood these patient trees; thick, black, heavy-boughed cedars, their short trunks buried in snow, squatting like Mr. Kipling's Djinn of All Deserts, on their haunches and vainly "thinking a Magic" to make idling winter "hump himself;" beech-trees, naked but for a few scattered sere and yellow leaves fluttering about their waists; the drooping-branched elm, not half so graceful as when full-leaved; elegant maples with a tracery of twigs far too fine to be compared to lace. These trees formed often the outermost fringe of thick woods. Into these I penetrated. A profound silence pervaded them, a silence so intense, so all embracing, it seemed to overflow the forest, to go out into space, to enwrap the world in its grasp. Not a thing stirs. To be alive in that shrine of death-like soundlessness seems desecration. It is supreme, infinite, absolute; you, the living, moving on-looker, are finite and relative, a thing of time and space. To think is to disturb the serenity of its repose, for to think is to attempt to limit it, to reduce it to the level of yourself, and no thought is large enough to compass it. Only some shaggy elk, hoofed and horned, diabolically crashing through crust upon crust of superim-

posed layers of frozen snow; and only diabolical little troops of wolves, patting fiendishly, are fit to defy or to disturb this deity of Quiet. It is large, expansive in its influence. Summer sights and sounds bind you to a spot, limit your attention to a locality, accentuate the petty, the individual, the trivial. The wintry woods, the white, unfurrowed fields stimulate no sense. The soul of man seems bared to the soul of Nature, and human thought and the universal mind seem contiguous and conterminous. Silence affects the mind as darkness affects the senses; both in their impressiveness quicken the faculties to the utmost; and yet, as no sense can perceive the impalpability of darkness, so no thought can pierce the impenetrability of silence. One must visit a wintry clime to experience emotions such as these.

It would be interesting to discover how far climatic conditions have influenced national character in Canada. But that would be a discovery difficult to make. In primitive times this factor in the formation of temperament, involving as it did that also of diet, was, I suppose, paramount; to-day, as facility of travel and spread of international intercourse increase, it fades. Above all the influx of new blood tends to counteract its influence. To find its true effect here we must go to the North American Indian. What are his physical and climatic surroundings? Long and sombre winters, during which the patient earth awaits a bounding spring; then a spring leaping into torrid summer; a summer followed by a blazing, gorgeous autumn, when again the patient earth lapses into its long and silent sleep. Illimitable wastes of prairie and forest; all but shoreless inland seas; still and quiet pools; roaring or rippling brooks flowing through dark, lugubrious woods. The solitude and silence of snow-shrouded lands; a sudden bursting into

gleeful life; fiery æstival months; a full and lavish fruitage. What are the effects of these upon the aborigines? We find them patient, hardy, enduring, to the last degree; taciturn, superstitious, intractable, dogged, treacherous, implacable. The wintry earth is not harder to uploose and disclose to view than is the Red Man's heart. But hidden in that cold-seeming heart is fire. His loves and hates, his recklessness, his fearlessness, his unsettledness, his sudden exacerbations of anger, his scorn of consequence, are not more typical of his clime when the sun mounts high, than are of the winter solstice his motives dark and cold. He is sombre. For centuries he has roamed vast solitudes alone. No stranger visited him. He held no converse with the outer world. The alien, even the member of the neighboring tribe, was to him a foe. He is sedate. With no settled occupation, nothing by him has to be done against a particular hour. He counts his time by moons, wandering in leisurely manner from hunting-ground to hunting-ground. The deer of his forests, the fish of his lakes—these are his only quest. He is savage. Now feeding to his full on flesh or fish, now half starved on a diminishing store of pemmican; like his clime, he alternates from the extreme of lethargy to the extreme of energy. No one to Nature has lived closer than he. The hardihood of winter has entered into his frame; the peace of lake and forest and pool has depleted itself on his face; the enduring vigor of huge and changeless expanses has written itself on his soul. He is as distinctly a product of the land as is its deep-toned, hardy pine or its flaming, sweet-sapped maple. He is a veritable child of Nature still, undeveloped, undevelopable. He garners no grain, he husbands no resources. His habits, after a century's contact with civilization, are what they were

in pristine times. The White Man comes, sees how perfectly suited to his lakes is his frail canoe, and immediately sets about to make him a dainty craft, as far removed from his rude prototype as a trim yacht from a Yarmouth trawler. The Red Man still hollows out a log, or, like Hiawatha, begs the birch-tree for its bark. A child of that Nature which gave him birth, and from whose naked breasts he still sucks his simple livelihood, he will never grow up. Nowhere perhaps to-day is seen so clearly the influence of climate upon temperament, for nowhere perhaps has climate been less trammelled in its action.

But the climate of Canada has not yet appreciably affected its incursive Anglo-Saxon hosts, save perhaps in one particular. This, namely. One of the first differences one notices when crossing from the eastern to the western moiety of the Atlantic is in the air. The warm, moisture-laden atmosphere of the British Isles gives way to a clarity and rarity truly marvellous on first observance. The very outline of ocean's rim evinces it. In fact, few things are more distinctively characteristic of the two great halves of the Anglo-Saxon race which inhabit its opposing shores than that symbolized by the appearance of the Atlantic horizon—on the hither or British side, softened, mellow, blending into sky and cloud, quiet, subdued, self-restrained; on the thither or American side, definite, distinct, defiantly overt, so self-revealed that it presents a keen and clearly cut serrated edge to the wondering skies. This air seems to affect the nerves as it does the sea. It has tremendous tonic properties. It strings-up, makes keen, alert, "smart." It is very dry. Life as well as coal burns quickly in it; an English hearth merely smoulders in comparison with one Canadian, which, especially in winter, glows white-hot. Naturally this air af-

fects the system. The Canadian is supereminently quick-witted. He thinks fast, very fast. It is his boast, too, that he can "put his hand to anything." And so, indeed, he can. But with his quick-wittedness goes a self-consciousness and a restlessness which he shares in common with his brethren to the south. But other formative influences come in here, the which to trace would lead us too far astray. There is, of necessity, also, the crudeness and rawness inseparable from a colony; there is the lack of standards, both of taste and manners, perhaps also of morals, if we pried into business and politics; there is the youthfulness of a still-growing people. "It cannot be denied," says one of their own writers, "that whereas other sections of the race have inherited not only capacity but a cultured social atmosphere, fraught with many civilizing influences, we have inherited but little of the latter." Elsewhere, too, he speaks of "our rawness and lack of culture." Canada shares with her southern neighbor also a curious self-assertiveness, the outcome perhaps of an absence of caste. There being, presumably, no recognized social grades, a quiet and restrained demeanor passes among the uneducated for insignificance. But is not, after all, national character fast becoming indistinguishable? The ebb and flow of travel, emigration, the marvellous ramifications of the newspaper press, by which I read at my breakfast table to-day precisely what you, five, ten, fifteen thousand miles away, are reading at yours, the community of light and periodical literature simultaneously published in two hemispheres—it would be interesting to trace the effects of these and of multifarious other tendencies making for international coalescence.

But if her climate has not affected

*Professor Adam Shortt, in "The Canadian Magazine" cit. *supra*.

her character, her scenery has fired her imagination. Canada has produced some poetry which, in delicacy of feeling, if not in power of thought, forms a remarkable offset to the crudity usually regarded as a necessary concomitant of colonial life and thought, once more emphasizing the fact that she is a country of contrasts. Those who have read "Songs of the Great Dominion,"⁸ or the Appendix to "Younger American Poets,"⁹ or the more recent "Treasury of Canadian Verse,"⁷ and to whom the names of Fr  chette, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, are known, need no proof of this. However, from a Canadian wood in winter to climatic influences and the poetic spirit is a far cry. Return we to the former.

As I walked, the wind rose, and its noise in the convolutions of the ear, so still was everything else, became almost annoying in its resounding roar. I had followed devious and untravelled ways in the semi-darkness, and this wind it was that told me when again I reached a high-road—namely, by the whistling of the telegraph wires. I never heard such obstreperous wires. They made an   olian harp truly hyperborean in timbre and volume. Every note in the scale of audible human sound seemed struck; and were there such a thing as an acoustical spectro-scope, it would have shown, not only every tone and semitone in the gamut, but ultra-treble and ultra-bass notes also. And it was played *fortissimo*. Those wires shrieked, bellowed. Whether at that early hour they were carrying messages I do not know; but all the intensity of human anguish, hu-

man happiness and human woe seemed to be flowing through their scrunnel lengths; and the thin hapless things plained of their freight to the unheeding winds. It was a weird sound far out there in the desolate wild, with not a soul to hear or sympathize—for I, what was I in all that huge expanse? They wotted not of me.

Then the great sky by degrees broke up into masses of cloud, and here and there between them shone out the steady stars—imperturbable, piercing, shaken not by the slightest twinkle. One rich and brilliant planet in the West glowed argent in the blue—a blue into which the eye penetrated far, far into infinity. The Canadian sky is ever lofty, pellucid, profound; very different from the close canopy so common in cloudy England.

But it was high time to turn homewards. A faint light overspread the East; things began to take shape; houses, instead of appearing as dark blotches against the white, now looked like habitable dwellings; the separate boughs were distinguishable on the trees. As one neared the town signs of life were seen—and smelled; the pungent odor of the "coal-oil," with which the impatient and unthrifty housewife coaxed her wood-fire more rapidly to catch, smote almost smartingly upon the nostril. Sleepy-eyed mechanics, buttoned to the throat, heavily "overshoed," and with hands be-pocketed, strode sullenly workwards. Later on, "cutters"—so are called the comfortable little one-horsed sleighs just seating a couple—sped hither and thither. Then a milk-cart or two glided past, the cans wrapped in furs, the hairs on

⁸ "Songs of the Great Dominion: Voices from the Forests and Waters, the Settlements and Cities of Canada." Selected and edited by William Dow Lighthall, M.A., of Montreal. London: Walter Scott, 1889.

⁹ "Younger American Poets, 1830-1890." Edited by Douglas Sladen, B.A. Oxon., B.A., LL.B. Melbourne, Australia; with an Appendix of "Younger

Canadian Poets," edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts of St. John, N.B. London and Sydney: Griffiths, Farren, Okeden and Welsh, 1901.

⁷ "A Treasury of Canadian Verse, with Brief Biographical Notes." Selected and edited by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., author of "At Mines Basin and Other Poems." Toronto: William Briggs. London: J. M. Dent, 1900.

the horses' muzzles showing white with cleaving ice. Later still, and when within the precincts of the town proper, children were met espying sleighs on which to get "rides" to school. It was a different world now. A dazzling sun transformed the dull dead landscape of the night into a blinding spangled sheet of purest white. Involuntarily the eyes half-closed against that glare. No wonder the sub-Arctic eye lacks the large, frank openness of those of softer realms; against even the summer sunshine the protection of approximated eyelids is needed, as the crow's feet of the farmers' features prove. If Canada has earned the title of Our Lady of the Snows, she certainly equally deserves the title of Our Lady of the Sunshine; nowhere is sunshine so bright or so abundant; so bright and abundant that it is not unreasonable to suppose that it has not a little to do with the elimination of that "phlegm" from the descendants of the immigrant of that land to the folk of which the French attribute that characteristic. "There are few, if any, places in England," says the Director of the Meteorological Service in Canada, "that have a larger normal annual percentage [of bright sunshine] than thirty-six, and there are many as low as twenty-five; whereas in Canada most stations exceed forty, and some few have as high a percentage as forty-six."^{*} "Weather permitting" is a phrase but rarely heard in Canada.

But my walk was over. It was one I would not have exchanged for many another taken under more genial skies.

Of the future of this great Dominion it is always as tempting to speculate as it is difficult to prophesy. In its early days it must have been a thorn in the flesh of the home Government.

The perpetual and irrepressible squabbles between English and French nothing seemed to allay. Governor after Governor tried policy after policy, but in vain. But this is ancient history. The struggle for political existence has caused that spectre to dig its own grave. Or, if a few vague and shadowy phantoms still flit across the political vision—phantoms such as the Manitoba Schools question, the Bourassa-Monet objurgations on the sending of the contingents to South Africa, and the peppery speeches of Mr. Tarte are some slight indications that it still walks—there are some who think that a morn of perfect racial and religious harmony nevertheless is at hand. A Frenchman and a Roman Catholic is Prime Minister of a people of whom only one-third are French. Nothing much now is to be feared from the duality of races. They have long since agreed to live in amity, recognizing the fact that amity is necessary to prosperity. As to what might happen were war to break out between France and England, that, it must be admitted, is a delicate question. The French-Canadian is French, socially, linguistically and sentimentally French; there is no gainsaying that. He clings to his own language and laws; he insists that his statutes shall be in French as well as in English; he seldom intermarries; he not often consorts with his British compatriots. But there are those who think that his French sympathies are with the old Trans-Atlantic New France of the land of his nativity, rather than with the new Cis-Atlantic Old France of the land of his origin—with Quebec Province, not with La République Française; that he knows on which side his bread is buttered; and that, were his motherland and his fosterland to be embroiled, he would,

^{*} Mr. Robert F. Stupart, in the "Handbook of Canada," published by the Publication Committee of the Local Executive (of the British Associa-

tion for the Advancement of Science). Toronto, 1897, p. 78.

at least, by quiescent neutrality, seek rather to increase the amount of his butter than run the risk of losing his bread. But this is a question to which in reality no one can give an answer till it is put to the test. May it never be put to the test! Till it is put to the test there is nothing to fear from duality of race.

As to Canada's fate in the event of a war between England and the United States, that is another matter, but a matter even less necessary to discuss than the preceding one. At all events we may believe that, as the whole Empire has helped England, so the whole Empire would help Canada.

Indeed, there is nothing much now to be feared from anything. What is there to hinder Canada's rapid and healthy growth? The multitude and magnitude of her material resources have been enumerated and calculated to nausea; her extent of territory, aqueous and terrene, has been descanted on to satiety. And yet—and yet, one thing we seem to be inclined to say to her, thou lackest. This is a high standard of public morality. Her politicians are not always characterized

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by singleness of aim or by disinterestedness of purpose. Power for themselves and place for their supporters too often sway their councils. With huge and complex problems of national import clamoring for solution, too often they fritter away their time in party feuds or petty frivolities. But it may be that in matters political Canada only sins where none is righteous. Her immigrants are young, and are not recruited from the highest strata. She is herself a young country. She has no great and leisured class, trained, not only in habits of government, but also in habits of strict and unswerving honor. Lastly, she has only some five millions of people from whom to choose her leaders. Happily, hers is a benignant, not a malignant disease. As national stability advances, the national conscience will improve. Accordingly, given time, men and money, there is no reason known among men why Canada should not take her allotted place among the Five Free Nations which, as Mr. Kipling sings, make up the British Empire.

Arnold Haultain,

(A Twenty Years' British Resident in Canada.)

AN UNOFFICIAL EXPEDITION.

One sweltering day in the dry season a sick white man lay panting for breath beneath the shade of the tall oil-palms which overhung the banks of a muddy river, rising no European knew where, among the steamy forests of the Niger delta. Behind him, half-hidden among the curving, feathery fronds, there stood a dilapidated, mud-walled house, over which the tattered remains of a flag hung in limp folds of blue and white, for a token to the

fierce Jakkery tribes that this was an outpost of the British Government. There was not a breath of air stirring to temper the fervent heat, and the yellow river flamed and shimmered in the sun-glare like a sheet of melted brass, until it lost itself in the gloom of a great cottonwood forest.

Two Europeans were seated beside the canvas chair wherein the sick man lay, one of whom wore the yellow khaki uniform of the Niger Protector-

ate. He had been sent up into this wild region with a handful of black Yoruba soldiers, to endeavor to establish some kind of order in a land where the tribesmen looked upon slave-stealing and the robbery of the trade canoes as their legitimate occupation, and the shedding of human blood in honor of the Ju-Ju devils as an innocent amusement.

The other was one of those adventurous spirits, half-trader, half-explorer, who are occasionally invited to assist the authorities with their knowledge of the forest tongues, and the devious ways of the naked bushman, and do their work well.

There was pity in their eyes as they looked down on the lined and haggard face of the sufferer, as well as a curious feeling of resentment in their hearts that this man must die while they were powerless to help. Death had been very busy that season among the swamps, and all their drugs had been used.

"The bushmen are out in force this time, and may come down upon us here at any moment," said the grave-faced captain. "Still, if you like to take the chance of getting through, I will spare four Yorubas and send you down to the settlements. I can't do more—I wish I could—and even then it will be a very risky matter."

Stephen Langton, missionary, the sick man, sighed and glanced wistfully down the oily current which rolled sluggishly westwards. That was the way to civilization, help and, it might be, health—but it was not for him.

"I had hoped to see my wife again before the end—poor Maud," he said half to himself; and then the feeble voice was raised a little, "but it would only be a useless risk, and I would not have the blood of your faithful soldiers upon my head. No, it cannot be, I must wait the summons here—and better men will do the work. Now,

Captain Hesseldine, you are very kind, but you have your own sick to see to."

The two men moved away through the steamy shade, and Hesseldine said thoughtfully, "It's a pity there are not more of that man's kind. What he has done in the bush the last three months would have killed ten like me. Well, he can't last much longer now—and there's not a grain of quinine or antipyrin left. The worst of it is there's that poor woman at the Irawa mission waiting for the husband she will never see again." Then the officer ground his heels viciously into the mould as he added—"Why can't Meredith send us up drugs and supplies from the Gillata station; he has a full half-company there."

"I should say our messengers never got through, the bushmen seem to be watching the river like hawks, and Meredith is most probably very ill. He was scarcely able to stand when I left Gillata. How did you persuade Langton to come down from Dagama?"

Captain Hesseldine smiled a little grimly. "Took him by main force," he said. "The Ju-Ju priests would have poisoned him there, and he was too weak to resist. Besides, if he had died in their hands, there would have been an inquiry, and probably bloodshed, and you know the orders are to keep the peace at any price."

Then a bugle sent its shrill call through the hot, moist air, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, the officer moved languidly away towards the glaring compound where a handful of sickly black troops stood like ebony statues in the scorching dust.

That night when the fever-mist rose in columns from the river, and the forest lay sweltering in silence beneath the tropic heat, a broken voice drifted out from the dimly-lighted room where Stephen Langton lay tossing and raving. "If I could only see her again. Just once again," it said.

About this time it happened that two white men of the genus "palm-oil ruffian," as the smaller gin and oil traders of the Niger Creeks are, not always inaptly, termed, were seated on the veranda of the Gillata station, whose commander, Lieutenant Meredith, had been crushed into limp unconsciousness beneath the grasp of fever.

Neither had any character worth mentioning, indeed, both had been openly rebuked by Stephen Langton for their manner of life. That, however, was when the missionary first entered the pestilential delta, before he had learned to temper zeal with discretion, and, understanding what these men suffered, to judge them charitably. Yet they had left their rickety, tumble-down factory in charge of one black clerk, who would assuredly rob them, and had journeyed far through the quaking swamps that they might nurse the sick officer—merely because he was a white man and alone.

Sladen, the elder, was stout and florid, with the stamp of the gin-trader, which there is no mistaking, upon his face. His clothing consisted of thin pyjamas, and he sat with his bare feet dangling over the veranda balustrade, for it was fiercely hot. Crawford, the younger, was just as airily attired, but he was cast in a finer mould, and Sladen sometimes said, "My partner was a gentleman once—you may not believe it, but he was."

"Thank goodness, the doctor has come at last; and we can sleep to-night—the first time for a fortnight. What a blessed thing sleep is," said Crawford; and Sladen growled acquiescence. Then the monotonous "thud-thud" of paddles drew steadily nearer across the forest, a white-painted canoe slid round a bend of the creek, and Sladen gasped with astonishment as he said, "A lady on board! What can have brought a white woman here—of all places on earth?"

"She is coming, at any rate," was the answer, "and in spite of your personal charms you can't appear like that. Get into Meredith's light uniform, quick; this tunic will do for me. Our things are in the sick man's room, worse luck."

When Sladen came back, purple in the face from his efforts to induce the Protectorate uniform to meet across his chest, and with wrists and ankles very much in evidence, Crawford lay back in his chair and laughed till the tears stood in his eyes. "If the Vice-Consul could only see you now!" he said.

"I can't appreciate the joke," answered his companion fiercely. "This tunic will be the death of me;" and the trader tore with clammy hands at the strangling collar, while Crawford laughed again.

Then a little, fair-haired woman, with eager eyes and a very anxious face, hurried into the veranda, and Crawford blushed for his appearance as he rose to his feet. It was so long since he had seen an English lady.

"I am Mrs. Langton," she said nervously and hesitatingly, and Crawford bowed. "As I daresay you have heard, my husband lies very ill in the Kepas swamps, and I must find him. The Vice-Consul down the river almost detained me by force. He said the waterways were watched by a marauding tribe, and that the only white traders were not to be trusted—but I could not stay at the mission when he may be dying alone. Surely you will help me, Lieutenant Meredith?"

Sladen, who seemed to be on the point of suffocation, was making a variety of signals, but Crawford heeded them not. "I am sorry, madam, but the Consul spoke the truth," he answered. "There is great risk in any attempt to get through. But you must be very tired; all this part of the building is at your disposal, and the black

cook will bring you food. I want to think over this matter and discuss it with my subaltern. You must excuse his appearance, the Protectorate uniform shrinks when wet, and he is not a particular man."

The lady turned a pair of tearful eyes upon the speaker's face. "You can't refuse," she said, and the glance went straight to Crawford's heart. Fever and the worst climate in the world had taken away whatever charm the hollow face and thin form might once have possessed; but there was something in the anxious, beseeching gaze, and the hands trembling with suspense, that stirred him strangely. To be looked up to as a protector and trusted again was like a return to the old life, the gates of which had been barred against him forever.

When the two men stood beneath the feathery palms outside, Sladen said, "Well, how long do you intend to carry on the masquerade? You acted the part to the life."

Crawford smiled, though there was a sad look in his eyes. "I was not always a 'gin-trader,'" he said. "Sladen, I can't stand the anxiety in that poor woman's face. We must take her through, and she must never guess she's in the hands of unscrupulous trader-men."

Sladen rubbed his forehead thoughtfully, and then the reckless nature of the man broke out. "We'll do it—anything for a change and excitement!" he cried; "but you will have to act the full-blown lieutenant all through; better tell her too much quinine has made me deaf or I'll forget it, and give the whole thing away. Go back and arrange it while I see to the launch."

Ten minutes later the newly arrived Government surgeon stared in bewildered astonishment when Sladen entered the store and coolly proceeded to appropriate all the phials he could lay his hands upon. He knew, from bitter

experience that drugs are always scarce in the bush in the sickly season.

"What is this burlesque?" he asked.

Sladen grinned as he answered: "A little affair of our own. Crawford is setting up as an angel in disguise, and I'm another. However, we have important business on hand, and I'm in a hurry. Give me that bottle—thanks; palaver set," and the trader made off with an armful of miscellaneous plunder.

The doctor went on with his work wondering. "The best-hearted pair of rascals on the Niger. Another mad scheme on hand, I suppose. However, it's no business of mine," he said.

There was trouble when Sladen authoritatively ordered the black engineer to start the launch's fires. "I serve the white officers, not low trader-men; and this is the Government launch," observed the negro; but Sladen wasted no time in argument. Taking the man by the neck he threw him bodily into the cockpit.

"Come out of there, you black heathen, and I'll break your head with this hammer! Sixty pounds of steam in an hour," he said; and proceeded to make himself comfortable upon the locker cushions, with a big coal-breaker laid significantly across his knees.

It was nearly dusk when the launch moved away from the bank, and with the three Europeans seated aft beneath the shade-deck went panting up the yellow current. To Mrs. Langton all was new and strange, for she had never left the coast; but her spirits rose now the last difficulty had been fairly overcome, and she watched the misty forests rolling away behind her. Mighty buttressed cottonwoods, their giant branches festooned with matted creepers, the tall columnar stems of oil-palms, clusters of fragrant lilies, fringes of golden reeds and the starry cups of floating blossoms, slid past in

a gorgeous panorama, and faded astern as the launch ploughed a pathway through the heart of the muddy stream.

Presently, as the last glare of the saffron light died out behind the palms, Sladen, who had more than once seen the thin plates of a launch crushed like an eggshell against a half submerged log, said sharply, "Better slow down or we might strike a snag."

But the lady interposed. "My husband may be dying; it is a matter of life or death."

"Of course, he forgot," answered Crawford; while Sladen, the impulsive, went forward to put the fear of death before the eyes of the black engineer. Then with the throttle open wide, and trembling through every plate with the vibration of her over-driven engines, the little vessel steamed faster and faster into the gathering mist, the turbid water boiling in yeasty foam about her bows. Darkness closed down suddenly, as it always does in the tropics, but there was no slackening of speed; and as Crawford thrust over the iron tiller to avoid a canoe that came sliding towards them out of the gloom, a wounded wretch raised himself on one elbow and hailed them in the vernacular, "Turn back, white men, there is death upon the river!" he said.

Later a broad, coppery disc rose into sight from behind the eastern palms, a flood of silver light poured down upon the misty river and the missionary lady shuddered when the forest awoke to life. The bush seemed full of mysterious rustlings as its furred and scaly denizens roused from their lairs to chase and warfare.

"You are quite safe here, madam," said Crawford, "and must be worn out with your journey. See, if you slide the side-awnings along the rings, so, you can rest undisturbed in the screened-off waist. We answer for your safety with our lives."

The tired lady glanced at him a moment gratefully. The look of eager haste and anxiety had faded from her eyes; and as Crawford handed her a waterproof wrapper, saying, "The night-damp is dangerous," a curious rush of recollections, the memories of happier days, flashed through his brain and his brow darkened as he turned his face up-stream.

So, while their charge rested in peace, the two traders, worn out by watching over the sick Lieutenant, sat beside the helm, making determined efforts to keep awake, and Crawford's thin garments were soaked in the drenching dew which brings the fever.

"It's a weary world, Sladen," he said, with an undercurrent of bitterness beneath the lightly-spoken words. "I had a reputation once—before I came out to this distressful land and learned to trade in gin;" and his companion smiled grimly as he answered,

"Well, you haven't any worth speaking of now—and you have said something of the kind before. However, I was thinking what a glorious opportunity this would be to run through a whole cargo of gin into the great company's territory. We could get a thousand cases from Carstairs and they would never suspect the Government launch."

Crawford broke into a ringing laugh. "Not this time, you inveterate smuggler," he said; "we promised to take the poor lady straight through. Otherwise we might have chanced it, for the mere fun of the thing."

An hour or two before the dawn, when Crawford's eyes were very heavy with sleep, and the inky shadows of the palms lay trembling across the river, Sladen grasped his arm and whispered hoarsely, "Can't you hear something ahead? For goodness' sake wake up!"

The helmsman shook himself together and strained his ears to listen. The forest lay around them silent and still, and there was only the gurgle of

the river beneath the bows, and the panting of the engine to break the silence, though he felt, he hardly knew why, that there was something unusual on hand. Then a distant "thud-thud" of paddles, and the sing-song chorus with which the river men bend over the leaf-shaped blades, came out of the misty gloom, and Sladen closed the throttle-valve. The throb of the propeller ceased, and the launch came slowly to a standstill, as they ran her in among the tall reeds which fringed the bank.

"A whole fleet of canoes," he said. "Soak that waste in oil, engineer, and cram it into the fire; we shall want steam badly to-night;" and as a sheet of lurid flame roared away from the funnel the index of the pressure-gauge climbed steadily towards the danger line.

The splash of paddles grew louder and nearer, and presently canoe after canoe slid out across a single streak of moonlight that trembled on the river where the forest walls fell back. The white men held their breath as they gazed, hoping the flotilla might pass them unobserved, for the flame had died away and the launch lay half buried among the weeds and wrapped in blackest shadow. Then there was a sudden roar of steam, a column of feathery vapor shot out from the pulsating-escape pipe, and Crawford cried sharply, "Jam down that valve for your life, engineer!"

A harsh voice cried aloud. A great splashing of paddles and the "click-click" of gunlocks rose up from the craft ahead, and Sladen said with dry lips, "No use; we are bound to face them now. What are you going to do, Crawford?"

"Take the launch right through—or over the middle of them," answered the other, half through his teeth, and he signed to the engineer to pull over the link. Then the awning screen was

drawn aside and Mrs. Langton came hurriedly towards them.

"Is there any danger? Why are we staying here?" she asked; and Crawford answered lightly, "It is only a few canoes that are foolishly trying to stop us. Sit here, madam, low down beneath the coamings, and I must ask you not to move. Keep still, and you will be perfectly safe."

Meantime, with her engines clanking softly, the launch backed out from among the tall white stems and crept away stern first with her bows towards the foe. Then a confused clamor of cries went up, and, forming into a solid crescent right across the stream, the canoes came on, sure of their prey at last, for an answering shout and a second splash of the paddles came out of the gloom astern.

"A neatly arranged trap; they have been planning this for days—just how they seized the salt fleet."

"Well, we'll teach them a lesson now," said Crawford grimly. "Start her ahead, engineer, and if you take your hand off the levers beware of the spare tiller." Next the helmsman sent his voice ringing across the misty water. "Who bars the way? Back with those canoes!" he cried, and a handful of ragged cast iron ripped through the shade-deck overhead, followed by the crash of flintlock guns.

The launch was now rushing towards the canoes, faster and faster all the time, her little propeller whirling like a dynamo and kicking up the froth astern. Again a jet of vapor soared aloft, and Crawford said, "Can't you muzzle that valve? Give her every ounce of steam!"

The yeasty river was piling itself on end before the bows, white foam wreaths were swirling aft, and they could feel the launch leap forward, as it were, at every turn of the buzzing cranks. The canoes lay fifty yards away—forty—and a fresh sputter of

firing shed a red flicker across the river. Then the helmsman stood erect gripping the iron tiller; and, after a shout of, "Hold on all!" set his teeth, and drove the launch straight at the centre of the crescent.

There was a crash of splintering timber, the thin cottonwood crumbled up like cardboard before the thrust of the biting stern, and the launch went through, and over, the wreckage, amid a babel of shrieks and cries, while black hands rose up out of the gurgling wash along her side and clutched desperately at the rail.

"Keep close beneath the coamings, Mrs. Langton—don't look! Cut them down, Sladen!" cried Crawford; and seizing the spare tiller which lay beside him he brought its iron head down, driven by the full swing of a powerful arm, upon the wild-beast face of the man who was crawling over the stern with a matchet between his teeth. The negro gasped, dropped the weapon with a clutter, and rolled heavily back into the water whence he came.

Meantime, Sladen was quietly and methodically cutting at the hands that seized the rail with the worn edge of a shovel, while the black engineer recklessly hurled blocks of coal, which cost the Government six pounds a ton, into the crowding canoes. Then there was another shock, for the river-men with fool-hardy daring had turned their frail craft one behind the other in the launch's path; and, with the wreckage of the first still clinging about her bows, the steamer resistlessly ground her way through them.

Crawford threw the fire-door open wide, and a glare of ruddy light fell upon the figure of the terrified woman crouching in the shelter of the bulkhead, and a mass of wild naked figures—floundering over one another in the water, leaning forward in the bows of the canoes ready to leap on board, and plying the whirling paddles as they

drove their unwieldy craft toward the launch. Beyond was a circle of blackness, in which a gun-barrel or matchet-blade that caught a stray flicker of light glinted here and there.

Sladen, standing upon the narrow side-deck, was outlined sharply against the glow, a burly figure swinging a flashing shovel like a flail, and a confusion of overturned and stove-in canoes was grinding along the sides. Then the launch seemed to leap suddenly forward and the canoes faded astern. A howl of disappointed rage, and the jarring reports of aimlessly fired flintlock guns rose up behind them, and they were alone upon the shadowy river.

It was turning noon on the second day when, as the launch swept panting round a bend, the folds of a tattered flag fluttered out across the forest, a streak of varied colors against the eternal greenness of the palms.

"The outpost at last. I hope the poor woman won't find she has come too late," said Crawford gravely in his companion's ear, but Sladen failed to hear. He was too busy fumbling with the whistle-lanyard, and Crawford beckoned Mrs. Langton to his side. The lady was quivering with excitement and anxiety. Her thin fingers plucked nervously at her travel-stained dress, and her lips were white and twitching.

"Madam," he said, "you must make an effort to keep calm. In five minutes I hope you will find your husband on the way to recovery; but no one can be sure of anything in Africa, and we may have to make another journey into the bush—"

A vibrating roar drowned his words, and the forest flung back the echoes of the whistle which rose suddenly from its throbbing note to a succession of ear-splitting screeches that scared a troop of contemplative monkeys into madness, and sent a flock of startled

parrots wheeling and screaming across the palms.

Then a low, white-washed building, half-hidden among the feathery fronds, rose to view, and the launch shot towards the landing with a stalwart figure clad in uniform three sizes too small dancing a wild can-can of triumph upon her foredeck.

"Stop that fearful din, engineer," said Crawford; and as the bows drove grinding along the bank, a tall, soldierly man, with a grave face, stared in amaze at the curious object before him.

"We've brought her through, hurrah! food and drugs and all," cried Sladen; and the officer answered quietly, "Thank heaven for that. Perhaps you will explain the reason for this masquerade, unless you have gone mad altogether."

"Explain anything you like later," was the reply. "Give me something to drink now, and then I'll talk. Ah, here's Mrs. Langton." The officer turned sharply away to help the lady ashore, and Sladen followed him with reproachful eyes. "Never offered me his flask—after all I've done," he said. "Thank goodness, I'm a British officer no more," and casting the pith helmet from his head he kicked it viciously into the river, and replaced it with the inevitable sun-hat, a yard of plaited palm-leaf which he borrowed from a grinning Kroiboy.

Five minutes later a trembling woman bent over a fibre hammock, her hot tears raining down on the haggard face of the man who raised himself feebly

on one elbow to greet her, until amid a burst of choking sobs her head sank forward upon the wasted shoulder. Then a hand was laid upon her arm, and the deep voice of Captain Hessel-dine said softly, "He is past the worst, and now we have drugs we'll soon pull him round. But excitement of this kind won't do—it really won't do at all."

There was a strange mistiness in the keen eyes which had so long looked death unflinchingly in the face, and the Captain's gray moustache twitched curiously as he spoke. Presently he drew Crawford aside, "Probably you had a reason for what you have done, and it's my business to know it," he said. "There's no getting anything out of Sladen, he's beating up cocktails for his life, and I think Mrs. Langton should hear your explanation as well."

An hour later Crawford told his story modestly and quietly, concluding, "We saw the mistake Mrs. Langton had made, and knowing that the credit of the bush traders is not always above suspicion, I thought it best to assume the part of a Protectorate officer, that she might be quite easy in her mind."

"It was chivalrously done. I shall never forget your kindness all my life," said the lady, looking at him with heartfelt gratitude shining in her eyes; and then Captain Hessel-dine broke in; "All's well that ends well, Crawford, but I think the less you say about this exploit the better—the authorities might not like it, you know. For all that, I agree with Mrs. Langton. It was well and chivalrously done."

Harold Bindloss.

A CHINAMAN IN LONDON.

In the year 1875 the civilized world was shocked by the news that Mr. Margary, of the British consular service in China, had been murdered in the frontier province of Yunnan, with the approval, if not with the connivance, of the Chinese Government. After lengthy negotiations it was arranged that an embassy should be sent from Peking to London to apologize for the crime; and it was further determined that, for the improvement of political relations between the two countries, the ambassador should become the first resident representative of China at the Court of St. James's. Happily for the two empires an official was chosen for the office who was eminently fitted for the post. Kuo Sung-t'ao, the mandarin appointed, was essentially a liberal-minded man; he was of an extremely courteous nature, and was pronounced by Mr. Gladstone to be the most genial Oriental he had ever met. He had studied, also, European politics, and had even attempted to learn English. He came, therefore, with every advantage, and with a cordial desire to promote friendly relations between the two countries. In this he was thoroughly successful; and when he went back to China in 1879 he left a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, both official and otherwise, who sincerely regretted his departure. Happily for us he brought as one of his secretaries a man who was imbued with the true spirit of a diarist. Chang had already once before visited England on a temporary mission, and added to his qualifications the possession of a considerable knowledge of English. He was able and willing, therefore, to make himself useful while in London. He went everywhere where his chief went, and to many places to which

Kuo did not go. He saw and heard everything he could, and with exemplary diligence entered his daily experiences in a diary. Still better, he published his records for the benefit of his countrymen, and the work now lies before us in eight slim volumes. For Englishmen its usefulness is considerably curtailed by the fact of its being published in Chinese; and even were it rendered into English, there would be much that would be uninteresting. He describes everything at length, and enters into minute details as to the daily life in the country which, though doubtless read with eagerness by his compatriots, form superfluous knowledge for ourselves. The fact which first strikes the reader of his pages is the extraordinary persistence with which he, and the other members of the Legation, went to teas (*ch'a hui*) and evening parties. Every lady in London seems to have opened her house to the welcome strangers, and for several seasons they were well-established lions. Their first experience of dances was a revelation to them. The dresses of the ladies shocked them somewhat at first sight, but this soon wore off, and the writer of the diary compares favorably the appearance of English ladies, even with their bare necks and arms, with that of his own countrywomen. He admired the music, also, and remarks that, while in China the dance is the main thing attended to, in England music rules the ball. He is of opinion, too, after some months' experience, that the slow and inelastic movements of the solitary performers to which he had been accustomed are not to be compared with the rapid and combined gyrations of English dancers. On the whole, he considers a ball a sight well

worth seeing; and he was particularly struck with the evident enjoyment of the dancers, whose gaiety and zest delighted him. He evidently ranks in the spirit of a true Oriental a *fan-se-po* (fancy ball) as inferior to an ordinary dance, though he was much amused at the dresses and the grotesque appearances of the performers.

Curiously enough, though English singing is as different from Chinese singing as the artillery band is from the bag-pipes, he admired it greatly; and he speaks especially of a song, the title of which he gives as "Yenjan," which was sung at an afternoon party by a boy whose name is partly concealed under the transliteration Chuwensen (? Johnson). But the full meed of admiration was reserved for the singing and dancing of a young lady named Alice at one of the music halls, who in his own words "Intoxicated her audience with delight." He does not—and here he is probably wise—give his opinion of the people he meets, and his remarks on his hosts and hostesses are scanty; but in one place he accords to a Mrs. Kataerh, who entertained him at tea, the distinguished position of being the most accomplished lady in London. He allows us to see, however, when people bored him, for we meet with such entries as "So-and-so called and stayed a very long time;" and the difference between the entertainments which amused him and those which did not are sufficiently marked to leave no doubt on the subject. We meet, for instance, with such entries as "Went to an evening party at Mrs. A's. Very few people. Came away early," and we can picture a failure from Chang's point of view. On the other hand we hear of crowded rooms, bright dresses and gay talk, and then we are quite sure to read at the end of the entry, "Went home late." Sometimes he makes mention of the suppers at which he took part; and he

speaks, in one passage, with enthusiasm of the roast chicken and fried fish of which he partook at a house in *Pikatili* (Piccadilly).

Of our habits he writes at length for the benefit of his countrymen, and he enlarges on the national traits which he has observed. He states, with an air of complaint, that when we possess anything rare or precious, we have a way of showing it off to all visitors, and of insisting on their admiring it. He credits us, however, with being sincere. "Englishmen," he says, "are not fond of idle talk; if they have a duty to perform, they devote themselves with diligence to it; if they have a binding engagement, they fulfil it to the letter of the law; the right and the wrong they discuss seriously, and painfully distinguish between them; they are willing to accept excuses; they are straightforward and honest; they do not make a pretence of diligence, and they do not assume a yielding attitude." And he sums us up in these words, "Altogether, sincerity is their ruling principle, and a man who is untruthful, and does not keep to his engagements, is regarded as having lost his respectability, and as having forfeited his good name. They may be said to be severe in passing sentence on themselves."

On several occasions we find by his diary that he benefited by the national honesty which he admires. Once he lost a fan in the streets, and was surprised by its being returned to him the next day. A more serious loss was that of a £20 note, which was returned to him by a lamplighter, whose honesty he rewarded by the gift of 10s. But what struck him most, at first sight, in coming to England, was the contrariety in the habits of the two peoples. "In politics," he writes, "the people speak and the rulers listen." After reading the accounts of the Privy Councils over which the

Dowager-Empress has lately presided, we can quite understand the difference between the two procedures in this respect striking him as strange and noticeable. "In domestic matters women lead and men follow; they write from left to right; their books begin at the end; at dinner they begin with soup and go on to meats; they eat heavy food before fruit; the seat of honor is on the right hand; they pay respect to the host and look comparatively lightly on the guests; and at dinner the host sits in the middle and the guests arrange themselves on each side of him like wings; when they beckon a man they hold the palm of the hand upwards and move the index finger backwards and forwards." For these divergences from the ways and habits of his countrymen he has no explanation to offer except to say that they are due either to national propensities or to the fact that Englishmen are, unhappily for them, banished to the opposite end of the world to China.

From such matters he turns to the social relationships, and finds that modern extravagance is a serious impediment in the way of marriage, which, as a true Confucianist, he considers should be the first object of every human being. He tells his countrymen—but he does not give us his authority—that an English lady spends ten times as much as a man. A single dress, he affirms, costs £10—a singularly modest estimate; the situation is aggravated by the fact that it is never worn more than twice. He is shocked at the idea that what with entertaining, carriages and horses, and household expenses, a lady gets through over £100 a week! The result is that young ladies are obliged to reject every suitor who has not a long purse, and men are compelled to think twice before they make themselves responsible for the debts of these extravagant but attractive partners. Young ladies, we learn from

him, leave match-making to their parents until they reach the age of twenty, after which age they choose their husbands for themselves with a free hand and a light heart. Into the household arrangements he enters at full length, and describes minutely the duties and habits of every rank of servant from the housekeeper to the scullion. He even explains to his countrymen the position of wet-nurses, and adds the statement—which will be news to us as well as to them—that these useful personages, who are chosen with the greatest care and after many inquiries, always join the family at meals.

Like a true Chinaman, he is fond of tracing habits and customs to that source of all knowledge—China. At a restaurant he saw people in very hot weather, sucking up cool drinks through straws, and he is straightway reminded of the celebrated Wei Chêng-kung, who, under similar circumstances, rolled up a lily-leaf into the shape of a funnel, and drew his wine through it. He was told that a certain princess having scratched her cheek, applied a piece of black sticking-plaster to it, and that in consequence it became fashionable for ladies to wear patches. This calls to his recollection a story of a beautiful lady of the Court of the Emperor Wu-ti, who, on one occasion, was standing on a veranda of the palace when a petal from a plum-blossom fell on her cheek, and adhered so firmly that she was unable to wash it off. This set the fashion, and for a time no lady was thought to be "quite the thing" who did not wear plum-blossom-colored patches on her face. He witnessed some of the earlier attempts to light the streets with electricity, and would have been more astonished at the brilliancy of the lamps had he not remembered a description of an equally bright illumination in "The Records of the Western Capital." The Marquis Tsêng, who succeeded Kuo at the

Court, used to quote a passage from the Chinese classics to prove that Confucius was acquainted with the principles of the electric telegraph; and Sir Robert Hart has lately more than suggested that fifty years ago a governor of Canton not only understood the principle of the phonograph, but employed the instrument!

The popular customs of the people are never-failing sources of interest to our diarist, and he gives, among others, a long description of the rites of St. Valentine. On that saint's day, he writes, all young people pretend to be in love. Formerly, he adds, it used to be the habit of companies of youths and maidens to meet in equal numbers on the day. To each was given a piece of paper, and when he or she had inscribed his or her name on it, it was put into an urn with the rest. When the papers had been well mixed up each drew a name, and if a youth and maiden drew each other's names, they were free to marry without the intervention of parents or "go-betweens." Now, we learn, this custom has been given up, and instead the young people interchange love-letters, which are to be bought at shops, and in which, though the phrases are conventional, there is considerable elegance of diction! These are illustrated also. For instance, a young man is represented under a scorching sun offering a fan to a young lady and saying, "The day is hot, and if there is no fan there can be no air. If you will kindly use this, what happiness!"

Personally the diarist has nothing but good to say of the British citizen, though he relates one instance in which a friend was attacked in the street by a drunken man. But he adds, to the credit of the by-standers, that they instantly seized the offender and handed him over to the police. As a natural consequence the prosecutor had to give evidence the next day in the police-

court, and the question arose how he was to be sworn. It is a popular belief that in Chinese courts of justice the oath is administered by the witness breaking a plate or saucer, and at the same time expressing a fervent wish that the same fate may overtake him if he does not speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It was proposed, on this occasion, that this course should be followed, and though it was entirely strange to him, he was advised by the interpreter to fall in with the proposal. Chang explained for the benefit of his countrymen that this form means that if the witness had not spoken the truth he would have been *paid out after twelve o'clock*. But though Chang did not meet with any aggressive discourtesy in the streets, the boys did occasionally call after him. Once, he tells us, some urchins on seeing him shouted out, "*Wo, Aima!*" (*Wo, Emma!*) and with the love of explaining dark passages which is strong within him, he goes on to say that *Wo* is an exclamation, and *Aima* a girl's name. To make it quite clear, he adds that a young lady of that name having had a mare given her christened it after herself, and meeting with a friend on the road, was met by the exclamation, "*Wo, Aima!*" Hence the expression, which, according to Chang, is indicative of pleasure. Such shouts as "*Chin, chin, Chainieze!*" (*Chin, chin, Chinese!*) was common in his experience.

Altogether, he is favorably impressed by Western peoples; and he quotes a saying which, roughly speaking, satisfies him as a description of the various nationalities. "There is nothing," so runs his proverb, "which an American won't say; there is nothing that an Englishman won't eat; there is nothing that an Italian won't sing; there is no measure to which a Frenchman won't dance; and there is nothing Russians don't covet." Possibly he con-

siders that there may be some connection between the trait here attributed to Englishmen and the complaint which he describes as *kota* (gout), and to which, according to him, we are victims. It attacks, he states, the glutinous and wine-bibbers, and begins in the big toes, and eventually ends in death. With a strangely confused diagnosis he considers that this complaint resembles leprosy in China—possibly he means by its fatal results.

In return for all the hospitality shown him and his staff, the Minister proposed to give a *soirée*, and, in course of conversation with Chang on the subject, suggested that Madame Kuo should receive the guests. Such a procedure would be, of course, contrary to all Chinese ideas of propriety; for did not Confucius lay it down as a rule that a man must not even hand anything to a lady, lest their hands should touch? And here it was proposed that the Minister's wife should shake hands with every man who came in response to the invitation! Chang was not straitlaced, but even he held up his hands in horror, and further explained that such a proceeding would give a whip-hand to Kuo's enemies at Peking, who would be sure to get hold of the story and magnify its importance. But the Minister was not to be balked of his purpose. The invitations were issued and a most delightful evening was enjoyed by the guests. Shortly after, however, the Minister was recalled, and at the time it was commonly reported that, as Chang had foreseen, the party and the recall were cause and effect. But it is plain from Chang's diary that Kuo considered that there was another contributing cause.

It seems that on one occasion Liu, the Assistant Minister, visited a picture-gallery, where he saw a portrait of the Madonna, which he admired extremely and would have bought had

not the price, £70, been too much for him. In the struggle between his desires and his pocket he struck a middle course, and engaged an artist to make a copy of the picture. The result having been satisfactory, it was arranged that the same artist should paint a portrait of the Minister Kuo. This also was deemed a good picture, as was shown by the fact that it was exhibited at the Royal Academy of that year. There had apparently been some little misunderstanding about the price paid for the second picture, though nothing was said about it, and matters went smoothly until reports emanating from native newspapers in China, concerning incidents connected with the sittings for Kuo's portrait, appeared in the London press. These were to the effect that Kuo had been unreasonable in his demands. That he had declined, on account of press of business to sit more than twice, the artist having been expected to do the main part of his work from a photograph. The attitude to be assumed was also represented as having been a *crux*. Kuo, it was said, insisted on both his ears appearing in the portrait, lest people should think he had committed some political crime, for which he had suffered the loss of one at the hand of the executioner. He made it a *sine quâ non* that the button on the top of his cap and his peacock's feather trailing from it should be fully depicted; but as the first was concealed by the upturned brim of the cap, and the feather was at the back, the artist declared his inability to comply. Upon which the Minister lowered his head to his knees and asked whether he could not see the button and feather then. "Yes," was the reply, "but now I can't see your Excellency's face." To the artist's suggestion that he should be painted in his court robes, he objected on the ground that Englishmen, seeing so gorgeous an apparition,

would always be kowtowing before it. With the final result, however, the Minister is said to have been so pleased that he invited the same artist to paint a portrait of Mrs. Kuo. The paragraphs in the newspapers embodying these statements came to Kuo's knowledge while he was visiting Paris. He at once wrote to contradict them, and believing that the artist was their author, sent to him to inquire whether this were so or not. The fact that these rumors appeared in a native paper in Shanghai in the course of the 6th month, and that his recall was telegraphed from Peking in the 8th month, giving time for the transmis-

sion of the rumors to reach the capital, and to have their effect, convinced Kuo that his enemies at Court had seized on these most un-mandarin-like proceedings to successfully discredit him in the eyes of the Son of Heaven.

About the same time a telegram reached Chang announcing that his father was dangerously ill, and begging him to return to China at once. With all haste he obeyed the summons, and happily found his father yet alive. This episode brings to a close the diary which, if it were written in English instead of Chinese, would find a large public greedy to devour its gossip and interesting pages.

Blackwood's Magazine.

INSTINCT OR REASON ?

STORIES OF DOGS AND LIZARDS.

When I was shooting with a friend in Northumberland some years ago, a black, curly-coated retriever accompanying the party was sent by the keeper to fetch a rabbit which had just been shot. While the dog was picking up the rabbit a partridge rose, and was brought down by my host with a broken wing, falling on some rising ground on the further side of a bed of rushes. The retriever was quietly trotting back with "bunny" in his mouth, when, about half-way to his master, he caught sight of the partridge, which was a strong runner, making off at the best pace he could muster. The dog hesitated for a moment as if reflecting, and then, gently putting down the rabbit, galloped after the partridge, which, by dint of a good nose and a long chase, he retrieved. After depositing the bird in the keeper's hand, he leisurely cantered to the

spot where he had left the rabbit and retrieved it also.

But so many examples of the cleverness of dogs have been related that this is, I suppose, no very exceptional instance of a retriever's sagacity; however, it has the merit that it can be vouched for by the writer, as his host, a venerable veteran of the early opium wars, vouched for another striking performance by a member of the same retrieving family, which the incident just related brought to his memory.

One day, when out shooting, he was approaching a gate in a high fence; a hare jumped up, and just as she popped through a "muse" (or hole) in the hedge near the gate, he shot at, and wounded her, but she struggled on for some little distance, and then sat down. The retriever, who had carefully observed what had happened, was told to fetch the hare, and at once went

straight for the gate, which he topped and cleared in fine style, soon coming up to poor puss on the opposite side. Then came the interesting part of the performance. At the keeper's suggestion, the party stopped and waited at the spot where the shot had been fired, to see how the dog would surmount the difficulty of the gate on the return journey, for that which was a fairly easy jump for the dog alone, became a very different obstacle when he had a seven-pound hare in his mouth. He trotted slowly back towards the gate in rather a hesitating manner, seemingly to appreciate the difficulty of the situation, then measuring his distance as he approached the obstacle, he made his rush and spring for the jump, but apparently with no great confidence in the success of his effort. He failed in his attempt, as he evidently expected, and fell back with his burden on the wrong side of the gate. Picking himself up, he carefully inspected the gate and fence for some little distance to the right and left, after which he again took the hare in his mouth, and walking with it towards the heel of the gate, put it down in a cart-rut near to the gate-post, where the ground was sufficiently sunk to permit of the hare being forced under it; he then quietly pushed the hare with his nose under the gate. This done, the dog retired a few paces, took his run towards the gate, jumped it as he had done in advancing, picked up the hare on the other side, and carried it to his master's feet. It was an excellent performance, which makes the distinction between instinct and reasoning power a little hazy, and for which every credit is due to the retriever and his race.

But, as we all know, the retriever has no monopoly of canine intelligence; on the contrary, he has a strong rival even in the lowly Yorkshire tike, as the following anecdote will show.

A few years ago, a brother officer of the writer's and great lover of dogs was walking along the reed-covered banks of that celebrated trout-stream, the Hampshire Test, when he chanced to meet an acquaintance fishing the river, with a long-bodied, rough terrier at his heels. Now, it is a matter of common knowledge that a dog is not generally a good fishing companion, and our Major was naturally somewhat surprised at his friend, who had the reputation of being an expert fisherman, choosing such an associate. It was not long, however, before he had good reason to change his opinion as to the angler's judgment and his canine friend's fitness for companionship and even co-operation in the pastime of the "gentle art," for whilst the two men were talking a good pound trout poked his nose up, and within a couple of minutes the fisherman, after a preliminary cast or two in the air, had his dry fly deftly thrown, alighting on the surface of the water without a ripple, about a foot above the fish. As the tempting lure floated down over the trout's nose, he noiselessly sucked it in, and was firmly hooked. Of the runs and plunges, the very joy and life of all anglers, which followed, it is unnecessary here to speak, for this is not a fishing story, but a simple anecdote of the sagacity of a terrier; suffice it, then, to say, that when the speckled beauty had made the most of his first mad struggle for dear life, the Major began to look around for that necessary accompaniment for every fly-fisher, a landing-net, with which to help the sportsman to bring his fish to shore through the thick belt of reeds and sedges which lined the bank. "Where is your net?" demanded he of his friend.

"There!" laconically replied the fisherman, without turning round, pointing to his dog which, sitting on his haunches, close to his master's heels,

was eagerly regarding every motion of that gentleman.

Presently after another frantic run, and a spring clean out of the water, which would have rejoiced the heart of the most *blasé* follower of old Isaac, the fish's strength began to fail, and he had to resign himself to his fate, and allow himself to be drawn toward the outer edge of the reeds. Then, with a slight motion of the left hand, the fisherman gave the anxiously-awaited signal to his four-footed companion. The dog moved stealthily down-stream for half a dozen yards and then softly glided into the water with the smoothness and silence of a water-vole. Quietly pushing his way through the reeds, he swam well out towards the centre of the river, turned up-stream, and approached the fish from behind and on the outside; then waiting until the trout was still for a moment, he seized him across the body and swam straight through the reeds (no detour this time) with the fish in his mouth direct to his master, who continued winding up a taut line, until the fish was laid at his feet. It will hardly be disputed that this was a thoughtful performance, the cleverness of which every angler will duly appreciate. The danger of the line being entangled in the reeds by the dog if he had approached from the near side, or the fish being frightened by any noise and breaking away, or the dog himself being hooked and releasing the fish, all these were possible and even probable contingencies, which care and appreciation of the position, on the part of the dog, could alone avoid. The situation had evidently been well thought out by our northern tike, and his action as the result of meditation would seem to be another proof of the narrow space which divides instinct from reason.

But let us pass from the intelligent dog to a much lower class, the reptiles, and with this view I will carry my

readers to the antipodes, and relate a couple of stories respecting lizards, which will illustrate that they, too, are by no means wanting in brain power.

On the high plateau in the centre of Tasmania, which possesses the finest climate on this earth, there is a series of beautiful and extensive lakes, forming the sources of most of the southern rivers of the island. These lovely lakes midst charming scenery are well stocked with English brown trout, from ova originally sent from home; and the fish have grown in these favorable waters to an extraordinary size, some of them approaching the enormous weight of 30 lbs. It was to see and fish these beautiful lakes and the head waters of the rivers descending from them that the writer with his brother made a tandem-trip in the "Seventies" from Hobart, the capital of the island, to the high table-land referred to. On the edge of this plateau, some ten miles distant from the greatest of the lakes (which is said to be ninety-nine miles in circumference), is a spot called the Steppes, where in a pretty little weather-board house on the edge of the forest lived a single policeman, the sole representative of law and order in this high and solitary district. Here we "out-spanned" and lunched after our morning's drive. It was in the veranda of this cottage, whilst enjoying a restful cigar before resuming our journey, that the movements of a lively lizard, who had, apparently, taken up his lodging under the wooden eaves of the veranda, were leisurely observed. At the western end of this veranda, a sheet of white canvas, or sail-cloth, had been hung to keep out the direct rays of the afternoon sun. This canvas sheet, at about the middle of which there happened to be an accidental hole, appeared to be a favorite hunting-ground for our friend the li-

ard. Presently a fly chanced to alight on the sheet above the hole, to warm himself on the sunny side of the canvas, and his shadow was, of course, apparent on the inner side of the cloth. Promptly from his conning tower under the eaves popped our four-footed friend, and scuttling down the sheet on the inside, but keeping clear of the fly's shadow, he turned and placed himself with his head facing upwards, close to, but below, the hole in the canvas, a few inches above which the fly was unsuspectingly basking on the other side. Resting there for a few seconds to gain breath, and make sure of his mark, he slipped through the hole with the rapidity of lightning, and in the twinkling of an eye had his victim in his mouth on the other side, almost before there was time to realize the action, so swift was the movement. The cleverness of stalking a fly, whose shadow only had been seen on a broad white sheet, by making use of a chance hole to approach him unobserved from the reverse side on which his shadow only had been cast, and carefully avoiding that shadow on his way to his stalking-ground near the hole, was an admirable conception which will bear reflection.

Our second lizard-hero lived and died on the northern side of that shallow Bass Strait which separates Tasmania from the great Australian continent, in the early gold-digging days of the "Fifties." He was picked up, under curious circumstances, by my brother after a long tramp, with his three friends, from the little town of Melbourne, as it then was, to the great gold centres of Castlemaine and Amherst to the northwest of the colony of Victoria. Many were the adventures that his captor and his friends had had on their journey from the old country to the new El Dorado; from a captain who tried to scuttle the ship in which they sailed, on the voyage out,

to a mate who did his best to burn her by allowing a lighted candle to drop into the hold amongst the inflammable cargo, where it continued alight until fortunately extinguished by a lucky shot from a medical syringe which a "happy thought" suggested as the only instrument likely, or available, to accomplish this object in a lurching vessel; from a camp in the snake-infested scrub on the shores of Hobson's Bay, where the town of Port Melbourne now stands, to an attack by bush-rangers, who "stuck up," as it is called, the party on their way to the diggings, and duly relieved them of their spare cash.

But to the lizard, whose capture occurred in this wise. On the diggings near the Avoca river the lizard's future master had, as was the digger's custom, come out of his hole, or shaft, at eleven o'clock, for a short half-hour's rest between breakfast and the mid-day meal. He threw himself down in a half-sitting posture, and was dreamily smoking his pipe, when from beneath a neighboring rock popped out a little lizard, eyeing the stranger with inquisitive interest, and then as quickly retiring, to return again a minute later. This was repeated several times, the lizard's keen eyes always fixed on the face of the intruder. Presently the digger's foot was approached, and evidently approved of for its warmth. Then, after a retreat to the rock again, a further advance was made to the knee of the stranger, to whose face the two brilliant little eyes were still enquiringly directed; and before the half-hour's rest had concluded, the left arm of the smoker had been mounted, his neck rounded and the right arm descended, the venturesome journey ending by the lizard squatting contentedly on the back of his new-found friend's right hand. Confidence had thus been established between the two, but not to

the extent of capture, for on the gold-seeker attempting to place his left hand over his new acquaintance, away he scuttled to his rock again with almost inconceivable quickness. The digger's smoke over, he returned to his work in the hole, leaving his blouse where he had sat. When the work of the day was finished the tired gold-seeker mounted to the surface, and taking up his blouse was about to march to his camp, three miles away, when he discovered, to his surprise, his four-footed friend lying hidden in the sleeve of the garment. He carried him in the blouse gently to the camp, where, with the usual courage and confidence of his race, the little reptile quickly adapted himself to his new surroundings in the digger's tent. He was carefully fed, kept warm at night and soon began to like his new quarters with the gold-seekers, who bestowed upon him much affectionate attention. In a few days he was quite at home with all the party. On the march he made his home in his master's serge blouse, running up the arm of the loose garment, or round the full front above the tight waistband, as fancy took him, and enjoying the warmth of his patron's body; he was in fact like the little ewe lamb which lay in her master's bosom. Singularly interesting and amusing it was to see him poke his little head out between the buttons, or through a buttonhole of the blouse ("Jumpers" they are called in Australia) at intervals to ask, with glittering eye and jerky movement, for an occasional fly from his master's hand caught on the shafts or cover of the cart.—The sagacity of this humble but delightful little friend enabled him later on to repay the kindness he received by a service of almost vital importance to his protector; a service, however, too little understood at the time, although fully appreciated afterwards.

When the camp was pitched for the night, Master Lizard would employ himself by making the most inquisitive scrutiny and inspection of the immediate surroundings within and without the tent; he made himself acquainted with every stone, tuft, stump or hole within what he considered his domain, eventually retiring with the sun to the blanket on his master's bed, where he invariably slept. On one occasion, during the darkness of the night, he became extremely restless, running about on the bed evidently with the view of awakening his slumbering protector, who, being a sound sleeper, was not easily disturbed. Failing to attract attention, he proceeded to run rapidly, backwards and forwards over the sleeper's face, making at the same time a low spitting noise, like an angry cat. By this means he at length aroused his patron, who gently pushed him away several times, speaking soothingly in the hope of quieting the excited little creature. But the lizard would not be soothed; on the contrary, having attracted attention, he continued his rapid and inexplicable movements with redoubled energy, until at length his master, convinced that something must be amiss, got up, struck a light and looked round the tent, the sharp eyes of the lizard following every movement with intense interest. But nothing unusual could be seen, and the gold-hunter retired once more with a chiding word to the lizard for his fears. He was scarcely asleep, however, before he was again disturbed, and losing patience at these repeated interruptions to his slumbers, he seized the lizard and in the darkness flung him from the bed across the tent. In this involuntary flight the little creature struck the tent pole with considerable force, and half of his tail was broken off—a matter of no very great importance to a lizard, perhaps, but still a discouraging reward for a well-

meant warning. Nevertheless, the maimed little reptile returned to the bed, keeping close to his master, but still continued very restless and excited for the remainder of the night. At length the day dawned, and the camp was soon in movement and preparation for the day's march. The tents were struck, and in due course the bedding rolled up, ready to be placed on the rough digger's cart. Then, indeed, the mystery was explained, for in the scrub and fern thrown underneath the scanty bedding, to keep it from the bare ground, a huge tiger snake with several young ones was discovered. This snake is of a deadly description, much feared by the colonists, and like all snakes has a strong scent, which no doubt made the lizard aware of his enemy's presence, if it had not indeed seen it creep under the curtain of the tent, and select its resting-place. The venomous reptile had sought for her dangerous brood the warmth of the tent, and especially of the bed under which she had ensconced herself and her ill-omened family. Needless to say, they were, one and all, promptly despatched.

Fore-warned is fore-armed, and after this little episode our friend the lizard, now with but half a tail, was looked upon, like the equally active mongoose in an Indian bungalow, as the valued protector of human life, and became a greater favorite than ever. But if our readers would follow the fortunes and know the final fate of this intelligent little pet, they must accompany the quartet of would-be gold-seekers on their journey back from the diggings, at Daisy Hill, on the South Australian border, where they found that although they could, and did, secure a certain amount of gold, they could not compete in the rough work often performed in "Billabongs," or creeks, knee-deep in water, with the horny-handed workers who had served a long ap-

prenticeship to the pick and shovel on the gold-fields. Each of the party determined, therefore, to follow his own calling, and, as each had fortunately a profession, they directed their course once more to the hourly-increasing city of Melbourne, where, after various vicissitudes, each one (save one) has in due course followed the active little spirit of the lizard to the happier hunting-grounds of a beneficent, if unknown, future.

On the march down-country, our happy little saurian was enjoying the warmth of his master's bosom inside the loose serge "jumper," his head occasionally popping out as usual for a fly, when, as the day advanced, Old Sol made his powers felt more than ordinarily, and "jumpers" were doffed accordingly. Alas! for the moment the little lizard was forgotten, as his master carelessly tossed his blouse upon the cart. Active as he was, the unexpected movement upset the little creature's balance and he fell from the cart beneath the wheel. Strong if gentle men, in the prime of life, were they who looked with more than sorrow upon the crushed remains of this humble creature of God's universe, and moist were the eyes of those four men of the world, as they passed on to their several destinies from the last resting-place of their humble companion.

Since that event many a long day has passed, and time has blanched the locks of the lizard's master, who when these lines were written alone survived; howbeit, he had never ceased to preserve an affectionate remembrance of the trusting little friend of his gold-seeking years, long, long ago. And who shall say how great was the love and genuine affection of that little reptile for his human protector, whether possessed of sagacity, instinct, intelligence or reason, call it what you will?

W. Hill James.

THE NOVELS OF PEREZ GALDOS.

Before the beginning of the present year few persons outside of Spain had ever heard of Benita Pérez Galdós. One of his novels, "*Doña Perfecta*," had, it is true, been translated into several European languages, but the translations had made little stir even in literary circles. Suddenly, however, in the first quarter of 1901 there appeared at Madrid a play called "*Electra*," which obtained a success such as few dramas have ever had in Spain, and which has gained for Pérez Galdós a European reputation. Not, indeed, on account of the literary merit of the piece, for if "*Electra*" had been performed in Paris or London it would probably have been pronounced mediocre and uninteresting. But it so chanced that the first representation of the play coincided with the most violent outburst of anti-clericalism which Spain has known since the days of the Liberal Minister, Mendizábal, in 1836. The public, embittered against the friars by the privileges enjoyed in respect of taxation by those semi-religious bodies, was raised to fury by the revelations of the Ubao case—an action brought by the guardians of a rich young lady to obtain her release from a convent, in which she had been incarcerated against their wishes but with her own consent. At this juncture—when the excitement had reached such a pitch that the particular convent in question was in danger of being burned to the ground by the mob, and monks and nuns found it wiser all over the country to keep out of the way—Pérez Galdós produced his drama, a work full of allusions to clerical tyranny. Never has author known better how to seize the psychological moment. "*Electra*" has proved to be a perfect exam-

ple of Mr. Kipling's theory that "it does not matter *what* you write, provided you know *when* to write it." At once the Liberal Press throughout Spain hailed the play as a new program for the anti-clerical party. The bishops, by forbidding the faithful to attend any representations of the "immoral" piece, naturally gave it a tremendous advertisement, and all Spain from San Sebastián to Algeciras, flocked to the theatre whenever "*Electra*" was advertised. So great was the alarm of the clergy that in clerical Seville they labored, with success, to secure the boycott of the drama in the local Press. But elsewhere their efforts failed. Even the rival charms of the bull-fight paled before the delights of applauding the anti-clerical hits in the play, and of shouting "*Mueran los frailes!*" ("Death to the friars!") and "*Viva la Libertad!*" The sixtieth performance, which took place when the present writer was in Madrid, was a perfect triumph for the author, who further increased his popularity by handing over the proceeds to the poor of the capital. No nation reads less than the Spaniards, who appear to consider a love of books as a sign of a vacant mind. Yet "*Electra*" has reached the—for Spain—unprecedented sale of 20,000 copies, and it is usually the only book that can be purchased at the one bookseller's shop of a small Spanish town. Meanwhile, the name and fame of the dramatist spread abroad. He had become at a bound the most prominent man in Spain; he had quite thrown the Sagastas and the Silvelas of politics into the shade; he had even striven successfully with Cerrajillas, the noted bull-fighter, in the race for notoriety, and reports of

"Electra" threatened to crowd out the daily bulletins of that wounded gladiator's health from the columns of the Madrid papers. As public men in Spain usually decline to lead public opinion, Pérez Galdós became in himself a leader, and the most widely read Austrian paper published a long article from his pen on "Spain of To-day," which was reproduced all over the Peninsula. From Portugal, where there is an anti-clerical movement similar to that in Spain, came eager applications from rival managers for the dramatic rights of the notorious drama. An impetus was also given to the sale of the author's previous works in Spain, and the volumes of his "Episodios Nacionales," bound in the red and yellow of the national colors, enlivened the windows of the Puerta del Sol. By yet another stroke of luck the publication of the last volume of that series of historical novels, "Bodas Reales" ("Royal Marriages"), happened to coincide with the very unpopular royal marriage of the Princess of Asturias, the young King's sister and possible successor. Pérez Galdós's novel had nothing to do with the Princess and her husband, but took its title from those "Spanish marriages" which, in 1846, led to so much unpleasantness between Great Britain and France. The name was, however, quite enough for the enterprising publisher, and the reputation of the novelist as the interpreter of what Liberal Spain was thinking received further confirmation. To-day it is not too much to say that Pérez Galdós is the one living Spanish writer whose name has any significance north of the Pyrenees, and the one author who wields influence south of that range of mountains at which, it was once sarcastically said, "Africa begins."

To those who desire to gain some acquaintance with the romantic episodes which made up so much of

Spanish life in the first half of the last century, no better guide can be recommended than this popular novelist and dramatist. For a number of years Pérez Galdós concentrated all his efforts on the production of a great prose epic which should do for modern Spain what Zola's "Rougon-Macquart" series of novels did for modern France, and what the late Gustav Freytag in his "Ahnen" did for Germany across the ages. The thirty volumes of the "Episodios Nacionales" cover the whole field of Spanish affairs from the battle of Trafalgar, which gives its name to the first of the series, down to the Royal Marriages, which furnish a title to the last. During those forty-one years Spain was almost constantly the theatre of great historic events which attracted the attention of the whole world, and in which Englishmen played an important part. The Peninsular War, the Restoration of the Bourbons, the march of the French through the country under the Duc d'Angoulême, the wretched reign of Fernando VII with the "Apostolical" rising, the intrigues round the sick-bed of the miserable despot, the proclamation of Isabel II, the first Carlist War and the subsequent disturbances of the military chiefs—all these form the background to the pictures of Spanish life which the novelist has drawn in this his longest and most interesting work. All the leading men and women of the period are presented to us as living personages of the narrative, with all their virtues and defects portrayed at times in almost Tacitean colors. We have the Queen-Regent of those days, the lovely Neapolitan, Maria Cristina, of whom a Carlist said to the dejected Pretender, "everything would have been otherwise if your Majesty's august sister-in-law had been born with a squint,"¹ and whose "beauty was the

¹ "Mendizabal," p. 165.

political support to which both Liberty and the Monarchy owed their principal successes."² We are told how she captivated all hearts when she entered Madrid as a blushing bride in the winter of 1829, and how poets exhausted their vocabulary of complimentary epithets in their desire to do her honor. In another novel we have a description of her abdication and departure from Valencia in 1840. We are shown the marked contrast between Don Carlos and his greatest general, the ill-fated Zumalacarregui, "the former the living personification of absolutism, the latter the personification of the formidable national force which loved and defended it."³ In one volume after another we see the self-styled Carlos V, narrow and obstinate, beloved by his friends, yet devoid of every particle of statesmanship, keeping up a miserable and distracted Court, now at Oñate, now at some wretched mountain hamlet where a dish of beans was regarded as a luxury for the royal table, but always and everywhere the victim of monks and friars, and solemnly proclaiming the Virgin as the *Generalísima* of his armies. No writer has studied Carlism more carefully than Pérez Galdós, and, opposed to it as he is from conviction, he yet does justice to the sterling qualities of the rank and file on both sides. He makes a Sicilian diplomatist say of the Pretender's Court at Oñate: "My friend, here everything you see is false, and in this diminutive capital you will find no more truth than in the big one at Madrid; false is the plety of most of these courtiers; hypocritical is their belief in the divine right of this poor comedy-king; deceptive is the enthusiasm of those who loaf about in the army and in the public offices." Yet the same cynical observer is made to continue:

"The one element of truth is the *people* in its ignorance and its innocence; that is why it is the donkey which bears all the burdens. *It* does everything; *it* fights, *it* pays the costs of the campaign, *it* dies, *it* rots away in misery, so that these phantoms may live and glut their greed of place and pelf."⁴ And in the same novel the author expresses the same contrast in his own words: "The story of the 'Apostolical' and Royalist campaigns and that of the mutual extermination of Spaniards during the dynastic war down to the Convention of Vergara cause grief and horror, because of the vast scale on which lives were sacrificed, and the pettiness of the persons in whose names the most flourishing part of the nation died or allowed itself to be butchered." Yet as one of the characters in a later volume confesses, "Spain is an invalid which can only live by being bled;" and, again, "The Spaniard is a born fighter, and when he cannot have a natural war he invents one."⁵

The military leaders on either side come off better than the titular heads of the contending factions. The two men whom Galdós most loves to honor are Zumalacarregui the Carlist and Espartero the champion of the "angelic" Isabel. Honesty and simplicity are typified in the doughty guerilla chief who is sent by the intriguers of the Carlist headquarters, against his own wishes, to besiege Bilbao, then as now the great Liberal stronghold in the North. Few scenes in this whole epic of civil war are more pathetic than that in which the wounded Carlist is taken to die in his simple village home. "He was," such is the author's epitaph upon him and at the same time upon his party, "the soul and the arm of the Absolute Monarchy, and the Carlist

² "Mendizabal," p. 163.

³ "Zumalacarregui," p. 293.

⁴ "De Oñate a la Granja," p. 185.

⁵ "De Oñate a la Granja," pp. 296-7.

⁶ "Montes de Oca," pp. 22, 62.

cause died with him. Although its ghost has not even yet been laid to rest, Carlism was buried with the bones of Zumalacarregui beneath the flags of the parish church of Cegama."⁷ On the other side, Espartero, hero of the bridge of Luchana, reliever of Bilbao and Duke of Victory, who wound up the first Carlist War by the pact of Vergara with the more moderate section of his opponents under Maroto, comes in for unstinted praise. He is held up as a colossal figure, such as Spain no longer produces, and his ambition is forgiven because of his firmness of character. For Galdós, Liberal though he be, is under no illusions. "In our country of chick-peas and military risings," he writes, "the successful soldier is the only possible savior."⁸ "Every Spaniard," says one of the characters in "Los Apostólicos," "when he demands Liberty, means his own, caring little about that of his neighbor. Despotism beats in every Spanish heart and runs in all Spanish veins. It is our second nature, it is the leprous inheritance of past centuries, and will only be cured by the lapse of centuries to come."⁹ Hence the author's manifest liking for such another strong man as the Carlist leader, Cabrera, nicknamed "the leopard," whose bloody reprisals for the savage murder of his mother by the other side are described in "La Campaña del Maestrazgo." Yet the folly and futility of all these operations and all this bloodshed are never concealed. "Why are we fighting?" asks one of the people in this last-named novel. "If I examine the question thoroughly I find no reason for this butchery. Liberty, forsooth! Religion! The rights of the Queen or those of Don Carlos! When I set to work to philosophize on this war, I can't help bursting out laughing; and laughing

and thinking, I end by convincing myself that we are all mad. Do you think that Cabrera cares one jot for the rights of his male Majesty? or that those on the other side care one jot for the rights of her female Majesty? I believe that they are both striving for domination and office, and for nothing more."¹⁰ And elsewhere in "Los Apostólicos," Galdós reads his countrymen a severe lesson on the results of this insensate struggle between rival parties in the field. "The outline of our country," he writes, "does not resemble a geographical map, but the strategic plan of an endless battle. Our people is not a people, but an army. Our Government does not govern, it defends itself. Our parties are not parties as long as they have no generals. Our mountains are trenches, and that is why they have been wisely stripped of trees. Our plains are left uncultivated, in order that artillery may career over them. Our commerce exhibits a traditional nervousness, caused by the fixed idea that *to-morrow* there will be a row. . . . Peace is here merely a preparation for the next struggle, a brief breathing-space, in which men dress their wounds and clean their weapons in readiness to begin again."¹¹ No words could better express the modern history of Spain.

While he reserves his warmest admiration for the generals, Galdós is not unkind to the politicians pure and simple—if purity and simplicity can be predicated of any politicians. For Mendizábal, the famous Liberal Minister, who honestly tried to rid Spain of the incubus which still impedes her progress—the friars and the nuns—he has a profound liking. The strange career of this able man is of special interest at the present moment, when Spain is confronted by exactly the same prob-

⁷ "Zumalacarregui," p. 308.

⁸ "Mendizábal," p. 130.

⁹ "Los Apostólicos," pp. 229-30.

¹⁰ "La Campaña del Maestrazgo," pp. 60-70.

¹¹ "Los Apostólicos," p. 63.

lem which he tried in vain to solve in 1836. Galdós devotes a whole novel to the statesman whom the Spaniards summoned in their despair from his counting-house in London to save the State, and who relied more on Villiers, the British ambassador, than on his own followers. He shows us at once the strength and the weakness of the popular idol of that day—his un-Spanish, English style of speaking; his great knowledge of affairs and his small knowledge of the classics; his vast plans of reform and his petty vanities of dress; his gigantic stature, which earned him the nickname of "Don John-and-a-half;" and his small feet of which he was extremely proud. His rapid rise and still more rapid fall are depicted, and the scene in which the fallen Minister quits his post is one of singular dignity. Palace intrigue, and the lack of that "glorious Parliamentary oratory which is in Spain and in the Spanish genius a sort of combative poetry," caused his failure.¹² Besides, the Spaniards love "to throw stones at the idol which they have set up."¹³ Galdós evidently believes that what Spain wants is a new Mendizábal who would secularize the monasteries and abolish the friars. Yet he is not, as he has been described by his enemies, an advocate of violence, even towards the religious orders. Some time ago a rabid Spanish paper published a cartoon reminding the Madrid populace how its forbears had set fire to the convents and massacred their inmates on the fatal 16th of July, 1834. But Galdós, in his graphic account of that event, is all on the side of humanity and the friars. He tells us how the alarm of Asiatic cholera, then an unknown disease, fell upon the ignorant mob; how some playful children were seen throwing a few handfuls of soil

into the water-butts, and how this simple act was skilfully combined by a reckless anti-clerical agitator with the equally inoffensive action of a friar who had imported a load of sacred earth from a shrine at Manresa, and was so distorted as to appear a deliberate attempt on the part of the religious orders to poison the people. At once the logic of the agitator went home to the excited brains of the distracted and terrified *madrileños*, and the guiltless friars were butchered in cold blood, dying like heroes on their knees before the altars.¹⁴ Only a few weeks ago Galdós most emphatically protested that he was no foe to religion and the Church, and he is too humane a man to treat even those whom he considers to be the worst foes of his country with unfairness.

The "Episodios Nacionales" might be read with interest for the historical scenes alone, such as the famous intrigue round the sick-bed of Fernando VII, when Doña Carlota, the Queen-Regent's sister, gave the historic box on the ears to the base and grovelling Minister, Calomarde, who meekly replied, "White hands offend not;" or such as the comical interview between María Cristina and the revolutionary sergeants at La Granja; or the refusal of the Basque soldiers to fight any more for Don Carlos after six long years of combat.¹⁵ Very touching, too, are the betrayal and execution of the chivalrous Montes de Oca, the paladin of María Cristina, who raised her banner against Espartero's Regency, and who, though a dreamer, is one of the purest figures in all this gallery of portraits, "the living personification of the poetry of politics."¹⁶ But in each novel there is a more or less complete scene of private life, as affected by the public events of the time. In this respect,

¹² "Los Apostólicos," p. 57.

¹³ "Montes de Oca," p. 48.

¹⁴ "Un faccioso mas y algunos frailes menos."

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¹⁵ "Vergara."

¹⁶ "Montes de Oca," p. 247.

however, the "Episodios Nacionales" suffer from a defect common to all long series of stories, and indeed inevitable in that class of composition. The same characters reappear in successive volumes, often without the slightest explanation, and thus the reader who has neither time nor patience to wade through all the previous books of the series, finds himself suddenly plunged into the middle of things with no clue to guide him. Yet the characters are all types, and intended to be regarded as such. There is the type of the young and ardent "Royalist volunteer," who quits his quiet work as sacristan of a convent at Solsona for the excitement of warfare, of which, like Don Quixote, he has read much in books, but which he soon finds to be not all heroism. There is the nun with whom he has fallen violently in love, but who calmly sends him to the scaffold in place of a Liberal agent who possesses her affections, and who has been captured and condemned to death by the "Apostolical" party.¹⁷ There is the military priest, who goes in quest of buried cannon for the Carlists, shares their miserable headquarters, consoling himself with the reflection that "there is no mattress like Faith,"¹⁸ and is then captured and converted by the Cristinos, being now confident that one side is no better and no worse than the other. There is the young man of doubtful parentage but enormous influence who chases the lovely ward of a diamond merchant all over Spain, and goes on missions to the Carlists at one moment and escorts helpless damsels through the hostile lines at another. There is the cleric whose one idea is bull-fighting, who discusses politics in the jargon of the bull-ring, and thinks it quite becoming to one of his sacred profession to go into a *corrida de toros*, yet refuses tickets for

the performance of a harmless play. And there is the ruined old aristocrat of proud Aragón, whose life is one long struggle to wring money out of his careful and penurious grandson in order that he may continue to live as an extravagant grandee, going about the country with his reminiscences of Napoleon and his rather risky anecdotes of Parisian society as he had known it before that great man had revolutionized everything. Side by side with this representative of the old school we have portraits of typical members of the middle class, "that formidable class which to-day is the universal power which does and undoes everything, which is nowadays omnipotent in politics and the magistracy, in administration, in science and in the army, and which first saw the light at Cádiz amidst the roar of French bombs and the perorations of a hybrid Congress."¹⁹ It is this middle class which, as the author shows, has elbowed its way between the friars and nobles and "created a new Spain." But Galdós more than once expresses the opinion that the best hopes for the future of his country are to be found, not so much in any one class or in any particular set of institutions as in the national character, that "tenacity, that chivalrous courage, which makes up the whole history of a race which, even when it is falling to the ground, thinks how it is to raise itself again," that "tenacious Celtiberian constancy" which has enabled the Spaniards to survive so many disasters.²⁰

One of the most interesting features for British readers of these novels is the kindly feeling which they display for our national character and customs. We are apt to find pictures of ourselves the reverse of flattering in most foreign novels at the present day; but in the pages of Galdós it is not so. The

¹⁷ "Un voluntario realista."

¹⁸ "Zumalacarrégul," p. 196.

¹⁹ "Los Apostolicos," p. 30.

²⁰ "Zumalacarrégul," pp. 250, 54-55.

British envoys who come to prevent the brutal system of shooting all prisoners during the first Carlist War, are regarded as the benefactors of Spain and of humanity; an old Spaniard is represented as considering it one of his proudest distinctions to have rendered a service to the great *Belington*, while another Englishman, Lord John Hay, is favorably known to the populace as *Lorchón*. In the thirties, of which Galdós has given us such a minute and careful picture, English, and not French, fashions were the rage in Madrid, and Mendizábal's English clothes were the envy and admiration of all who beheld them. It was to London that the Spaniards of that time looked for political no less than sartorial advice, and even the Carlists were constrained to imitate their opponents and import a financial Minister from the City. When an enthusiastic mechanician, whom his friends regard as crazy because he foretells the construction of screw-steamers and ironclads, dreams of a great commercial future for Bilbao, it is to England that he looks for the capital and enterprise necessary to accomplish his ideal.²¹ And it is the British House of Commons which the Spanish Liberal statesman of that generation extolled as the highest incarnation of political wisdom! Among his own countrymen the author reserved the highest encomium for the people of Aragón and Navarre, whose tenacity of purpose he is never tired of extolling. When an old rake is asked how he had the audacity to make love to the Empress Josephine, he answers by the simple and sufficient reply: "I come from Navarre." On the other hand, the butt of the company is usually an Andalusian, with his soft pronunciation and his clipped and shortened words. For the Basques, in spite of their devotion to Don Carlos, the nov-

elist has a regard no less strong than that which Loti has shown in his famous story of Basque life, "*Ramuntcho*." That strange people with its uncouth tongue naturally plays a great part in his narrative, and if, for the benefit of his readers, he has translated the phrases of that primitive language, which is said to have puzzled even the devil, he has left all the local color of the Basque Provinces in his picture.

Galdós is intensely patriotic; and while his patriotism is for Spain as a whole, without distinction of races or languages, he has done something in the course of his national epic to stimulate the pride of almost every city in the Peninsula. The social life and politics of the capital are clearly reflected in his stories; the plays and the scandals; the new fashions and the new jokes that interested and amused Madrid under Ferdinand VII and his "angelic" daughter are faithfully recalled. The gardens of La Granja, the rugged passes of the Pyrenees, the small northern towns among the mountains, the great brown plains of Castile, and the invincible fortress of Bilbao pass in succession before our view. He does not idealize, but presents things and places as they were, and we miss at times the quaint picturesqueness with which Borrow, writing of the same period, invests even much that was commonplace in the Spain of that day. Nor is Galdós tempted to take higher flights into the regions of philosophy and metaphysics; he presents us with no complicated problems of science or religion; he contents himself with the more useful function of interpreting the past life of the Spanish people for the benefit of the new generation. Yet in the third series of his "*Episodios*" he is beset by the danger, as he himself points out, that he may inadvertently give offence to some who are old enough to have witnessed the events narrated. It was this fear which made

²¹ "Luchaena."

him decide at first to close the national epic with the end of the second series, and it was only after a long interval that he altered his intention and added a third series of ten more volumes to those already published. Judged by Spanish standards this sequel seems to have attained success, for as many as 10,000 copies have been issued of several of these later stories. Galdós humorously complains that his countrymen always borrow any book that they desire to read; but his work has recently been laid before them in the cheapest and most popular of all forms—that of the *feuilleton* at the bottom of the page of a half-penny newspaper, the Republican "Pais."

Unlike so many modern novelists, the leading Spanish writer is singularly free from all that is morbid and unwholesome. The youngest of "young persons" might read him without being shocked. In his descriptions of private life he looks at the bright side of things, and, possessed of a keen sense of humor, is frankly and genially optimistic. But when he passes on to consider the future of his country he becomes a pessimist, and in this respect he may be compared with most Italian writers of the present day. At the end of the second series of the "Episodios Nacionales" there is a dialogue on the prospects of Spain between a sanguine old gentleman and a disillusioned Liberal. The latter's opinion we take to be that of the author, from the great stress which is laid upon it. "Salvador," he writes, "had but little confidence in the union between liberty and the Church, of which his companion dreamed. He laid bare his inmost thoughts, and said that in all his lifetime he expected to see nothing but blunders and errors, barren struggles, essays and attempts, leaps backwards and forwards, corruption of the new

system which would increase the partisans of the old, noble ideas degraded by treachery and progress almost always conquered in its conflict with ignorance. 'Better days,' he cried, as he pointed with his stick to the horizon, 'are still so far off that assuredly neither you nor I will live to see them. Reform is slow, because the disease is serious and deep-seated and can only be cured by individual effort. My ideal is far ahead. But it will come, and even if we are not allowed to see it realized we may console ourselves by penetrating, in thought at least, the dark future and contemplating the beautiful innovations of the Spain of our grandchildren. Meanwhile, I cannot share your enthusiasm, because I do not believe in the present. I seem to be a spectator of a bad comedy. I neither applaud nor hiss. I am silent and perhaps asleep in my stall. I shall dream of that distant future of our country, of that time, my dear friend, when the majority of Spaniards will laugh at your angelic innocence of politics.'"²² These lines were written in 1879, but the events of the last twenty-two years do not appear to have greatly modified the author's views. In his manifesto on the state of Spain, published last April,²³ he despairs of the future unless the education of the young can be taken out of the hands of the Jesuits and the Government of the country taken out of the hands of the professional politicians. Like Gambetta he points to clericalism as "the enemy," while he considers the Spanish system of *caciquismo*, or the supremacy of a few party leaders, or "wirepullers," as we should say, as the curse of parliamentary institutions. Certainly, unlike his hero, Salvador, whom we have just quoted, he is not content to be merely a "spectator." He has rendered by his

²² "Un faccioso mas y algunos frailes menos," pp. 328-9.

²³ "Heraldo de Madrid," April 9, 1901.

writings yeoman's service to what he considers to be the true interest of his country, and as he is not yet an old man, he should have plenty of useful work still left in him. Like Salvador, too, he has no family ties, and can accordingly devote himself entirely to his task. Unfortunately for his fame abroad, those who write in Spanish must be, for the most part, content to find their audience either in Spain or in South America. Happy is the novelist whose lot it is to be born in France or Great Britain, and who thus escapes those *traduttori* who are proverbially *traditori*!

Such is the epic which Galdós has written for the benefit of his countrymen. He treats of a time when, as he says, "poor modern civilization was vanishing, rubbed out like paint that had been badly put on, and leaving behind it feudal quarrels, mystic zeal and superstition, horrible cruelties and eminent virtues, heroism and poetry, the intervention of angels and devils, who walked about the world, discharged and

at liberty."²⁴ The theme is a good one, but the manner of execution is not always excellent. Galdós wrote these three series of thirty novels at headlong speed. Some volumes were polished off in some six weeks at Santander, where the novelist passes his time when he is not in Madrid. Hence they lack finish, and the reader who has followed the adventures of a leading character for some twenty chapters is astonished to find the personage in whom he is interested married or killed off in a single page, sometimes in a few lines, at the end. A foreigner cannot pretend to be a judge of a Spanish writer's style; but Spaniards accuse Galdós of using archaisms in his prose. He certainly writes clearly, and shows a profound knowledge of human nature. Whether his work will live remains to be seen; perhaps he has been too prolific a writer to obtain immortality. But of his influence on the Spain of to-day there cannot be the slightest doubt, and that is his chief interest for his contemporaries.

W. Miller.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

²⁴ "La Campana del Maestro," p. 160.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY ROBERT BURNS.

[The following verses were recently found among some papers belonging to the late Mrs. Berrington, who died in 1885. During a great part of her life Mrs. Berrington lived in Monmouthshire, at no great distance from Itton Court, the home of Mrs. Curre, to whom, according to the endorsement on the manuscript, the verses were addressed by Burns. Mrs. Curre, who died in 1823, was the daughter of John Bushby, Esq., of Tinwald Downs in Dumfriesshire. The copy from which the verses are printed is in the early handwriting of the late Miss Eliza Waddington, whose family also lived in Monmouthshire. It is hoped that the present publication may lead to the discovery of the original manuscript.]

Oh look na, young Lassie, sae softly and sweetly!
Oh smile na, young Lassie, sae sweetly on me!
Ther's nought waur to bear than the mild glance of pity
When grief swells the heart and the tear blins the e'e.

Just such was the glance of my bonnie lost Nancy,
Just such was the glance that once brightened her e'e;

The Mechanism of a Sunset.

But lost is the smile sae impressed on my fancy,
And could is the heart that sae dear was to me.

Ilka wee flow'ret we grieve to see blighted,
Cow'ring and with'ring in frost nipplet plain;
The naist turn of Spring shall awauchen their beauty,
But ne'er can Spring wauken my Nancy again.

And was she less fair than the flow'rs of the garden
Was she less sweet than the blossoms of May?
Oh, was na her cheek like the rose and the lily,
Like the Sun's waving glance at the closing o' day?

And oh sic a heart, sae gude and sae tender!
Weel was it fitted for beauty sae leal;
'Twas as pure as the drop in the bell o' the lily,
A wee glinting gem wi' nought to conceal.

But the blush and the smile and the dark e'es mild glances,
I prized them the maist, they were love's kind return,
Yet far less the loss of sic beauty lamented,
'Twas the love that she bore me that gaes me to mourn.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE MECHANISM OF A SUNSET.

Most people if they were asked to state the color of the sun would say that it was orange, and they would as confidently assert that the color of the atmosphere was blue. Recent researches and investigations, however, point to the conclusion that the real color of the sun is blue, while that of the atmosphere surrounding the earth is orange. Commonly, the earth's atmosphere appears so transparent and translucent that it is hard to realize the fact that it has as much effect on the light and heat coming from the sun as if it were a roof of thick glass. But the atmosphere is very far from being as colorless as it seems to be, and the best way of discovering its true tint is, not to gaze immediately overhead, but to look

away towards the horizon. By so doing the atmosphere will be seen, as it were, in bulk; for overhead there is only a small accumulation of it compared with the many miles of thickness through which the vision travels when the eye looks towards the horizon.

The atmosphere surrounding the earth, then, may be likened to a screen of an orange color, and it will readily be understood that any light passing through this screen will experience some remarkable modifications. Now, as already stated, it appears highly probable that supposing any one could see the sun from a position outside the earth's atmosphere the light coming from this central luminary would be seen to be not white but blue. This

blue is, of course, not a pure monochromatic blue, and the expression really means that it sums up the dominant note in the color scheme. What, therefore, the atmosphere may be considered to do is to stop out, or absorb, all the colors at the blue end of the spectrum, the residue filtering through to the earth as white light. When the rays of light first left the sun, the blue rays were the strongest; but very soon after they entered the earth's atmosphere their progress was impeded, and of all the rays journeying from the sun they quickly became the weakest. On the other hand, the red rays which at first were inconspicuous, had the facility of penetrating the earth's atmosphere, and were the most in evidence at the end of their long journey.

The first step, accordingly, to be taken when investigating a sunset is to realize that the white light from the sun which is commonly supposed to be composed of the seven primary colors should rather be thought of as a residue of original radiations. A further important point is to bear in mind that all radiations of light are of different wave lengths. This fact, indeed, is at the very foundation, so to speak, of all sunsets, and it is the prime agency by which their flaming, gorgeous tints and colors are produced. It is due to this fact, for instance, that in the neighborhood of large towns, the sun nearly always appears to set as a red ball of fire. The rays of light at the red end of the spectrum are of a much longer wave length than any of their fellow rays, and so are the best qualified for penetrating the dense bank of haze which so commonly floats over all large towns and cities. In such localities, as the sun sinks to rest, the green rays are first absorbed by this bank of haze, and then the yellow, and lastly the orange and the red, the latter more often than not, being the only ones to

get through at all. A careful observation of a sunset will reveal the fact that the colors fade in the above mentioned order, and the reason they do so is that they are of different wave lengths.

In recent years the methods of observing the changes in the weather have been much improved, and since it is highly desirable that the observations should be capable of being compared with each other, the effort is made so to arrange that observations made at different places shall be conducted on a uniform plan. Now, the coloring of a sunset gives such valuable information as regards the atmosphere in respect of the amount of moisture that may be floating in the air, that increased attention is being given every year to the work of observing and recording the quality of the sunset in various localities. The United States Weather Bureau, for instance, have in the principal streets of the large towns certain places where the latest weather reports and forecasts are displayed for the information of the public. In addition to this information there are also certain discs of various colors which are exposed in accordance with the color of the latest sunset; and from this fact it will be gathered that the authorities attach a good deal of importance to information regarding the color of the most recent sunset. It being clear, therefore, that sunset observations are of value, not only on the ground that they assist to a right understanding of the causes by which the sunsets are produced, but also because they are of use as aids to forecasting the weather, it becomes important that some systematic method should be devised for recording the observations, and it is satisfactory to know that a very simple way of registering sunsets has been adopted.

Supposing that any one should be desirous of keeping a record of the color

of the sunsets in his neighborhood, a record, it may be said, that will afford considerable pleasure, especially during the autumn days, there is a very easy way of going to work. All that needs to be done is to divide the sunsets into classes after the following manner. There are in the first place those sunsets which may be described as clear, this definition being taken to mean that there were no clouds in the sky, and few brilliant colors, the color predominating being red. Further, the term yellow is employed to describe the quality of the sunset when this color unmistakably overwhelms all others. Green is a color rarely seen in sunsets, but when it appears at all prominently it serves to define a third class of sunsets. Fourthly, there are those sunsets which are best described as cloudy, and in this variety there is commonly a dense barrier or bastion of cloud that completely absorbs all color and effectively darkens the western sky.

At many of the observatories scattered throughout the world, not only are sunsets thus relegated to certain definite classes, but, in order to give the record a scientific value, still further particulars concerning the sunset are added. Thus the position of the colors as regards their position in the sky, or as regards altitude and azimuth, as the terms are, are observed; while the time at which the colors were seen and any increase or decrease in the brilliance of the coloring would also be considered worthy of a place in the records. In all such systematic observations the time when the colors were at their brightest, and when they faded away, would be noted, and further, in order to make the record quite complete, the time of sunset or sunrise would also be registered.

Now the color in the sky may, as it were, be painted on the clouds, or on the hazy air, or on the open sky itself.

As regards the latter, the color that is most conspicuous is, of course, the blue, and in seeking for the origin of this tint it will be found that the search leads to an explanation of many of the other colors. On looking up into the sky on a cloudless, sunny day, when the swallows, perhaps, are flying so high that they appear as tiny specks in the dome of blue, it seems almost impossible to think of the atmosphere as being otherwise than perfectly clear and translucent. It is, however, in reality charged with minute dusty particles which have always been found in myriads, whenever the atmosphere has been tested either over the open sea or at the top of high mountains. There is an ingenious instrument, indeed, by which the number of these atoms of dust in any given quantity of air may be counted, and by its aid samples of air in many different parts of the world and at different seasons of the year have been analyzed and the atoms counted. The sources from which this atmospheric dust is obtained are large. From the land, and more especially from deserts, dust is continually rising, and the dust so raised is carried by the winds to all parts. Spicules of salt, too, leap from the sea in myriads, and go to increase the stores of dust. Other sources of atmospheric dust are found in the stream of meteors which are continually plunging into the earth's atmosphere, their combustion also resulting in atmospheric dust. Volcanoes, again, are important distributors of dust. A cigarette smoker casts some 4,000,000,000 dusty atoms into the air at every puff; while the shaking of door mats and other similar operations constantly serve to launch a never-failing stream of dusty particles into the air. These particles of dust, it will be seen, are the agents principally responsible for tinting the atmosphere blue and for filtering out the gorgeous hues of a sunset.

In respect of these atoms of dust the atmosphere may be likened to some broodingnagian vessel; for these atoms are always falling slowly downwards towards the earth like particles of chalk in a glass of water. As might therefore be expected, the lower strata of the atmosphere are most crowded and congested with these dusty loiterers, as is well illustrated when, on a calm, windless day, these atoms settle downwards in such dense crowds and multitudes as to produce a dense black fog. But far above these lower levels the dusty atoms find their way, and since they are able to float so easily in these rarefied regions, it is obvious that they must be of a lighter build and of more attenuated proportions than their relations which dwell where the air is dense. Even at these great heights there are ascensional currents of air which keep the tiny particles of dust floating. Although these particles are spoken of as dust, many of them are so minute that a microscope fails to render them visible, and the only way in which they reveal their presence is by their effects. Not only, therefore, do dusty particles pervade the atmosphere in all parts, but they vary in size from those that are coarse and readily discernible to others that are below microscopic sight.

Dusty atoms are further to be conceived as offering considerable resistance to the passage of the rays of light which emanate from the sun. Luminous bodies, as is well-known, shed rays of light of varying wave length, as the term is; and as regards human vision only those rays whose wave length is between .00036 and .00075 millimetres can be seen. As these waves of light surge through the atmosphere, not only does their wave length affect their manner of passing through the earth's atmosphere, but the different sizes of the dusty atoms against which the rays of light strike

introduce other modifications. Thus many atoms of dust are of a smaller dimension than the wave-lengths of light that rush in among them. Hence it happens that the red and orange rays which are of a large wave length pass over these obstacles with comparative ease; but the blue rays which are of a shorter wave length are stopped, and the blue light is, as it were, turned out of its course and scattered. Lord Rayleigh has suggested that it is to this selective scattering of the finer rays that the blue of the sky is due. This action has been illustrated by observing what happens when a bottle of soapy water is held up between the eye and a brilliant light. Seen thus the light has a yellow or an orange color, but when the liquid is looked at sideways it appears blue, the rays that have been scattered being thus made visible. When looking up into the sky a similar thing happens, for the blue tint is that which has been scattered from the sunbeams as they splashed, as it were, against the particles of dust suspended in the air.

In the lower strata of the atmosphere the coarser particles of dust not only scatter the waves of light, but they also reflect them, so that at these lower levels the blue tint is diluted by white light, and is accordingly not so intense as when seen, say, from the top of a high mountain. At this elevation only the finer varieties of dust are floating, and there is little reflection of the light, but much scattering, and hence it is here that the blue attains its greatest intensity. In that part of the sky nearest the sun the rays of light come in a direct line to the eye of the observer, and the scattering of the light does not appear so great as when one looks across the path of the beams, and it is due to this circumstance that the sky near the sun is not of so intense a blue as portions of the sky farther

away. A similar kind of thing happens in respect of the clouds, where dust readily accumulates, and reflecting the light, produces their brilliant whiteness. At the edges of the clouds, moreover, the atoms of dust are busily engaged in refracting the beams of light, and to this cause is due that brilliant fringe of brightness which so often

adorns many of the largest clouds. Not only, therefore, does the atmospheric dust filter out the blue light that tints the sky, but it also fabricates the pigments that color the clouds, effects which can most readily be observed in contemplating the glories of the setting sun.

Arthur H. Bell.

Knowledge.

TRAVELLING COMPANION

Travelling *à deux* is good discipline. That may be safely said. It is that, even when there is more pleasure than annoyance with the companion whom you have chosen, after due deliberation, or to whom circumstances alone have introduced you. But the discipline becomes very disagreeable physic indeed when the other fellow (or the other woman) proves uncongenial at a stage in the tour when it is far from easy to alter plans so as to bring about a separation without wounds to self-esteem. Still, even then it is possible to profit by the situation. You may set to work to improve your distasteful fellow-traveller, and whether he takes kindly to the treatment or not, you may hope to be improving yourself at the same time. And, on the other hand, if you are (as some travellers soon become) of a profoundly analytical turn of mind, you may make him a subject of study. As a human document no man is without interest, and the more angles his character possesses the more absorbing he may become to you. Confessedly, however, only a practised philosopher can be relied upon thus to get good out of evil with an equanimity that shall not betray him. The average man who, as a last resort, seeks consolation for his first mistake by

putting the poor mistake itself on the dissecting table and openly knifing it, must not be surprised if a great and candid enmity ensues betwixt him and his companion. And it will serve the average man right, too.

Travelling *à deux* is, in fact, a good deal like marriage, without the binding contract. The experienced vagrant will have none of it. To say nothing about the risks, it is such a prodigious check upon the individuality. Alone, you can change your plans as often as you please without the least remorse, stop here or there where you had not originally intended to stop, and control your expenditure to the exact cent. The other fellow makes all the difference. That one big plea of an anxious mother when her only son talks of starting for Bokhara or Greenland by himself, "You *must* have a companion, in case you fall ill," is promptly silenced by the counter plea, "But suppose *he* falls ill and dies, what will his people think of me? And besides, I don't want any one." The experienced vagrant, very aptly, says, "I travel as much to be free from trammels as for the sake of new scenes. Therefore, assuredly, I will not hamper myself with the society of any man, who may, for all I know, soon become the worst

bore of my life." Moreover, it is so difficult to say what a man is until you have travelled with him *à deux*, in lands, too, where cosmopolitan hotels and comforts are not to be found, and where the irritations are often extreme. It is these irritations that bring out the real character, which may have lain discreetly dormant for thirty or forty years in the midst of the blessings of civilization, with regular habits and regular (good) meals. The risk isn't worth facing, and there's an end of it.

Of course a man and wife on tour can hardly be regarded as two individuals. They may, it is to be hoped, be treated comfortably as of one mind. Each bears the trials of the other, and each knows the precise moment when the other will exclaim "Wunderschön!" and want to go to bed. So it ought to be, and so it frequently is at the beginning of a tour. But it happens, especially among the more popular modes of travel, that the excitement of new scenes and unusual associates has an effect even upon married people that is little less than revolutionary. To be sure the victims may be set down as strangely innocent, the kind of folk to whom adventures come in the simple journey from Glasgow to St. Pancras. So it is, however, John is bewitched by the sea air, a bountiful table, gay landscapes, foreign towns and genial acquaintances—bewitched into card-playing and other expensive forms of relaxation. He may even take to drink merely to oblige the company. And John's wife will be at the mercy of any sharper member of her own sex who begins an intimacy with unvarnished admiration of the poor lady's gowns or sweet complexion. There is, of course, more in the danger sheet even than this, but it will suffice to hint at those roving blades of the stronger sex who, from the age of one or two and twenty up to five and fifty, are to be found in all public pleasure

trips, with as few scruples about them as £5-notes. They are uncommonly polite to ladies, especially those they see for the first time. Such travelling companions may act upon the rest of us like violent poisons, and those of us who are not habituated to such poisons, or who are without the necessary antidotes, remember them for a long time afterwards. It requires extreme powers of discernment sometimes to distinguish the real from the sham article amid the crowd bound, say, for the North Cape. It is disheartening when a very dear friend invites one of these agreeable strangers to visit him afterwards at his country house and suffers very much indeed in the consequences.

We have known a pleasure tour end in divorce, after beginning with the brightest tokens. In this case the wife was an invalid when she left the train at Southampton, and her husband was nurse, doctor and loving companion all in one. The poor fellow had the liveliest feelings of anxiety about his lady's ability or otherwise to bear the trials of a sea-voyage. He was prepared for damaged blood vessels and other possible disasters. But Fate treated him to a brutally different program. By the time the Bay of Biscay was reached (in a roaring wester) he was prostrate, and the poor invalid had picked up such vigor that she promenaded the deck most of the day, and by moonlight, too. She gained in strength, self-esteem and beauty, and he wished himself anywhere on land rather than where he was on sea. Their rôles should have been reversed. But the wife was without ballast, selfish and vain. She paid little heed to her discomfited husband, who had sunk in her regard from the time of his first concession to the sad sea waves. She gave herself up to the joys of the hour, which proved so deluding that at Bombay she disappeared, leaving a thin little note saying that she had taken a

step which she could not regret, however discreditable it might seem to the world. Whereupon the unfortunate husband returned to England a wiser man, if not a happier. He reflected later that it was just as well things were as they were. He had evidently been nourishing a serpent, or at least a hypocrite on his domestic hearth, and if disillusionment had to come, the sooner the better. And so he put his affairs in the hands of his lawyer and gave up thinking unkindly of the Bay of Biscay.

Balzac's familiar dictum about travellers' friendships has not quite so much force as it had in his time. They become so very ardent, he reminds us, only because there is the knowledge on both sides that they may be ended at any moment. But in Balzac's day the stage coach was not an antiquity, and people travelled, not for travel's sake, but to "arrive" somewhere. Travelling had not by any means been studied as a fine art. It was rather an inevitable evil for those whose business lay in remote parts of a country, or for those whose relations were tiresome enough to live at a distance. Travellers, therefore, in his time, were bound to cheer each other in the midst of the bone-breaking racket of the road, and also to compare pistols and make plans whereby brigands might be checkmated. Something of the comradeship of soldiers on the battlefield was their lot as they sat huddled together on the top of a tottering diligence. They talked freely of matters generally left to death-bed times. They compared notes of life-experience as if they were on the very threshold of eternity. How should such men not feel very warmly towards each other, whether they proposed eagerly to part on the morrow or not?

With us it is not so. The proportion of life risks to pleasure in travelling nowadays is so small that it were

ridiculous to bring it into account when taking stock of the gentleman whom chance and the purser have given you as a cabin companion for two or three weeks. Our age is more astute than previous generations. There are so many new forms of roguery about, and, in spite of ingenious novelists (nay, perhaps, thanks to them), the police are by no means satisfactorily intelligent in the tracking of crime. It is not at all seemly to rush into friendship with a stranger, though you be condemned to hear him snore at close quarters for a score of nights on end, and though you become as intimate with his toilet arts as with your own. To be sure there is a wide area of surface commonplaces upon which to exercise conversation. Also, if you are of an inquiring mind, you may with tact do as Thoreau did when, to his surprise, they put him in prison. "I pumped my fellow-prisoner as dry as I could, for fear I should never see him again; but at length he showed me which was my bed, and left me to blow out the lamp." Some men positively relish being drawn into conversation or open confession about matters which might well be kept confined within them. But upon the whole, the cautious attitude is the safer and more dignified for at least a hundred hours. Then, if you like, you may let yourself go a bit. It will either be that or you must accept the conviction that one of the two men in that cabin would be better elsewhere. It is in early manhood that one profits best by the rough-and-tumble arrangements of Fate in these particulars. For our part, we recall with emotion voyages of long ago, when, ere bed-time on the very first day, we were hand and glove with our fellow-passengers. And, oh! the gracious invitations with which these same high-spirited voyages ended! We have shared a cabin on an Atlantic liner with a white-haired retired dry-

salter of Detroit, an English only son returning to get more money from a doting and sad-hearted mother, and a revivalist, who sang hymns in a low voice to the porthole by his pillow, and in four and twenty hours felt like a cousin to the three of them, although the drysalter was vulgar, the prodigal a drunkard, and the revivalist too unco' guild for anything. In the twentieth century it seems likely that we shall have pocket inventions to which we may transfer the responsibility of making advances to our fellow-travellers, and promoting safe intimacies with them. It seems just possible, too, worse luck, that the same century will attempt to interfere explosively with the world's scenic charms. In an insane endeavor to make landscapes as sensational as the literature of the epoch, the lovely continents we know may be spoiled. The wise father will for this reason (and for others too numerous for mention) treat his very young children of to-day with tenderness and pity as well as proper affection.

"O, the pleasure of eating alone!" wrote Charles Lamb in one of his most expansive letters. We are not quite

The Speaker.

sure how serious he was in the exclamation. But change "eating" into "travelling," and there may be found thousands who will echo the cry. Thackeray thought there was nothing to equal it. Louis Stevenson in the Cevennes, made the same discovery, for his donkey cannot be said to count. Jean Paul Richter, though he did not live in touring times, was too accomplished an individualist (of the sentimental kind) not to harp on this musical string. "I hold the constant regard that we pay in all our actions to the judgment of others as the poison of our peace, our reason and our virtue." Translated into plainer speech Richter's words may read thus: "Unless you can have your own way, life is but a poisoned puddle." Curzon, Stanley, De Windt, Miss Kingsley, Landor and a host of smaller men and women have acted on the same assumption. And as in larger travel, better known as exploration, so also in the less stately yet more pleasurable "trips" of common life. After a full purse there is nothing so good for the vagrant as a free hand.

C. Edwards.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The British Society of Authors has offered to erect a monument in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral as a memorial to Sir Walter Besant.

The perennial charm of the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare" is indicated by the fact that three new editions were published in London last month.

McClure, Phillips & Co. are the American publishers of the new com-

plete edition of the writings of William Hazlitt. The American edition is limited to three hundred and fifty sets.

Reports that Mrs. Cornwall-West's somewhat costly and sumptuous "Anglo-Saxon Review" was to be discontinued have been widely circulated, but they are denied by "Literature," which announces that the next number, due at the beginning of the new year, is almost ready for the press.

The death is announced of Michel Balucki, one of the most eminent Polish authors, a prolific writer of romances, poetry and theatrical pieces, few of which are known outside of his own country.

All great men have their caprices. Mr. Richard Croker's, it appears, is the collection of cartoons of which he is himself the central figure. Out of the abundant material at his disposal, he has recently selected three hundred and has had them privately printed in a volume for distribution among his friends. Clearly, there is no accounting for tastes.

The discoveries which Mr. Carl Lumholtz has made during five years of exploration among the tribes of the Western Sierra Madre, in the Tierra Caliente of Tepic and Jalisco, and among the Tarrascoes of Michoacan are to be fully reported, for the first time, in a volume entitled "Unknown Mexico" which the Scribners are to publish this month. Dr. Lumholtz has pursued his investigations in behalf of the American Museum of Natural History at New York and the American Geographical Society; and his narrative is said to be one of absorbing interest as well as of no little importance.

One of the most successful of recent ventures in its field is "A Lighthouse Village," by Louise Lyndon Sibley. Not one continuous story, but rather a succession of sketches in which the lighthouse-keeper and his women-folk, the retired sea-captain and the Methodist elder are the principal figures—they are by turns amusing and pathetic. Showing unusual insight and fidelity, and almost wholly free from that exaggeration which is so painful a fault in fiction of this sort, these simple sketches give promise of work which might entitle Mrs. Sibley to rank

with the foremost group of interpreters of New England life. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The late Ameer of Afghanistan is best known to literature by his naïve and curious autobiography, published about a year ago. But in 1887 he edited a pamphlet, for which a committee of thirteen Mullahs had collected the material, inciting true believers to make war upon infidels. For the peace of Afghanistan and the neighboring countries it is to be hoped that the teachings of this volume have not sunk too deeply into the heart of Habibulla, the Ameer's son and successor.

In "An Oklahoma Romance" Helen Candee Churchill has woven some of the most picturesque incidents attending the great "Run" into a story in which claim contests, shootings, jail-breakings, cyclones and floods follow one another with a rapidity which facts, perhaps, forbid to call sensational. Charming bits of description, with some very pretty love-making, relieve the harshness of the plot, and the characters of both hero and heroine are well imagined. The book is a readable one in spite of obvious crudities, and shows distinct promise. The Century Co.

It is Oliver Cromwell whom Amelia E. Barr intends by "The Lion's Whelp," and her novel is really a succession of pictures of the great Protector, as he appeared to those who knew him most intimately during the period of the Commonwealth. At first the book is disappointing. The minor characters—two neighbor households estranged by the antagonisms of the Civil War—seem shadowy in spite of an abundance of detail, and their experiences, though stirring enough, somehow fail to enchain the attention. But as the central figure looms up more and more com-

manding, one realizes that it was of the writer's art to make him dwarf all others, as he did in life, and one is grateful to her for so just a presentation. Few books of historical fiction approach so closely to biography in value, perhaps because few are written with so genuine an enthusiasm for their subject. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Tenth in Harper & Bros.' "American Novel Series" comes "Let Not Man Put Asunder," a striking study of the divorce problem, by Basil King. The writer takes for his hero and heroine a "Faneuil" and a "Vassall," and incidentally gives a chapter or two to satire of Boston and Cambridge, but there are also graphic pictures of social life in London, Paris and Rome. So much of our best fiction is dull nowadays, that one perforce looks askance at a story which catches the attention on the first page and holds it to the last. But in spite of that most grievous of all faults to the critic—its giving pleasure to the reader—and in spite, too, of the obvious limitations in its character-drawing, the tawdriness of some of its detail, and the exasperating anticlimax of its plot, this must be counted one of the strongest and most brilliant novels of the season. The subject is treated with a decorous restraint, but the whole presentation is effective, and the insight into human nature shown at certain critical points is a really remarkable feature of the book.

Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who has undertaken the congenial task of writing what he terms a "battle history" of America, takes for the subject of his second volume "Colonial Fights and Fighters." In it he tells the story of the early discoverers and explorers, the pirates and buccaneers, and the participants in the early colonial wars and the French and Indian war—in a word, of the various forms

of strife which went on upon this continent or in neighboring waters before the Revolution. Chronologically, the volume antedates the first volume, which described "American Fights and Fighters." Mr. Brady has the faculty of seizing upon salient incidents and depicting them graphically and directly. He has a keen eye for what may be called, in a general way, the romance of history and a very effective way of presenting it. The book is illustrated from old prints. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The element of personal experience and adventure enters largely into the narrative, "With 'Bobs' and Kruger," in which Mr. Frederick W. Unger, war correspondent of the London "Express," describes what he saw of the war in South Africa; a part of the time with the British columns, and a part of the time with the Boer commandoes. Mr. Unger's equipment consisted of personal fearlessness, an open mind, a love of adventure and a newspaper man's faculty of seeing quickly and reporting graphically. A prodigious literature has already resulted from the South African war; but, in the whole output, there is nothing more interesting, and in a certain sense, nothing more informing than the narratives of the war correspondents. Mr. Unger is among the most spirited of these narrators, and his account loses nothing from the fact that his experiences brought him into fellowship with both armies and his fairmindedness enabled him to see both sides of the quarrel. Ultimately, it will be in volumes like this, quite as much as in official documents and reports that the historian who writes of this war will find his material. Meantime, the contemporary reader will derive both pleasure and information from its spirited narrative and snap-shot impressions. Henry T. Coates & Co.

**"ROSEMARY FOR REMEM-
BRANCE."**

Give me balm for rosemary!
 Balm for aching memory,
 That, forgetful of the past,
 Life may smoothly speed at last.
 Let the balm lie like a pall
 On the days beyond recall,
 And the loss and grief lay by
 With rejected rosemary—
 That no anniversary
 Wake regretful memory.

Take you back your balm again!
 Good for lesser ills of men;
 Good for many—but for me
 Give me back the rosemary.
 Loyalty is best, in truth,
 To the grief that pruned our youth
 Training it to fairer growth—
 Best of balms is keeping troth.
 So, as swift the years go by,
 I will keep my rosemary.

*E. H. Tipple.**The Leisure Hour.***LAST NIGHT DEATH WHIS-
PERED.**

Last night Death whispered: "Life's
 purblind procession,
 Flickering with blazon of the human
 story—
 Time's fen-flame over Death's dark
 territory—
 Will leave no trail, no sign of Life's
 aggression.
 Yon moon that strikes the pane, the
 stars in session,
 Are weak as Man they mock with
 fleeting glory;
 Since Life is only Death's frail feu-
 datory,
 How shall Love hold of Fate in true
 possession?"

I answered thus: "If Friendship's isle
 of palm
 Is but a vision, every loveliest leaf,
 Can knowledge of its mockery soothe
 and calm
 This soul of mine in its most fiery
 grief?
 If Love but holds of Life through
 Death in fief,
 What balm in knowing that Love is
 Death's—what balm?"

*Watts-Dunton.***INCOMPLETENESS.**

I never yet heard music, howe'er
 sweet,
 Never saw flower or light, ocean or
 hill,
 But a quick thrill of something
 finer still
 Filled me with sadness. Never did I
 meet
 Any completeness but was incomplete;
 Never found shapes half fair
 enough to fill
 The royal galleries of my bound-
 less will;
 Never wrote I one line that I could
 greet
 A twelvemonth after with a brow
 of fire.
 Thus then I walk my way and find no
 rest—
 Only the beauty unattained, the
 cry
 After the inexpressible unexpressed,
 The unsatiated insatiable desire
 Which at once mocks and makes all
 poesy.

*William Alexander.***THE SICK HEART.**

O sick heart, be at rest!
 Is there nothing that I can do
 To quiet your crying in my breast?
 Will nothing comfort you?
 "I am sick of a malady
 There is but one thing can assuage:
 Cure me of youth, and, see,
 I will be wise in age!"

*Arthur Symons.**The Athenaeum.***ROBERT BROWNING.**

The paths of night and death un-
 scathed he trod,
 His eye still fixed where, pale in
 whitening skies,
 Love's herald-star assured a sun's
 uprise,
 And darkness slain, and earth "afire-
 with God."

*Mary A. Woods.**The Academy.*

